

acquaintance, or in the family circle what has been thus learnt. When we do not, ourselves, practice perfect discretion, how can we expect it in others; and when we once set the secret of our friend afloat, how do we know where it will stop, or what shape may not be given to it? Politely fellow-travellers give as little trouble and as much assistance to their companions as they can. Ladies are to have every advantage and accommodation; but on their part, "they ought not to require too much, nor put the complaisance of gentlemen to a severe test." The *Es-corted Lady* of Miss Leslie is an admonitory and amusing, though exaggerated picture. In general, the female character, in our country, is not at all prone to the exertion of civility, or inordinate demands; but rather to make sacrifices or show passiveness. The sense of gallantry, that is, polite devotion to the sex, is common and active with all classes of Americans. Females have greater security in all public conveyances and promiscuous assemblages, in these United States, than in any other country whatever.—They can protect, if they will respect, themselves, in almost every instance.

Madame Colbart expatiates on the rules applicable to Entertainments, Promenades, Parties and Amusements. We have known very estimable and modish folks, who needed, at times, mementos such as the ensuing—"When we intend giving an entertainment, we begin by selecting such guests as will enjoy themselves together, or at least, tolerate one another."—"When we receive a written invitation, we must answer immediately whether we accept or not, although silence may be considered equivalent to an acceptance." "Having once accepted, we cannot break our engagement unless for urgent cause."—"An invitation specifies the hour of meeting, and you should arrive at that hour or very little later."—"We should avoid putting next one another, two persons of the same profession, for that results in *aside* conversation, which always interferes with general conversation and general conviviality so much to be desired at table." "Remove near relations and cronies as far from one another as possible."—"Guests are never to be urged to eat, though a dish of particular *gout* or which they are known to prefer may be pointed out to them." "Singing at table after dinner is never practised in houses of people of fashion." Madame states that each guest should pay a visit to the hosts during the week which follows a grand entertainment. This attention is called *visite de dis-cretion*. "When any of your acquaintance is ill, you should regularly send a domestic to inquire after their health, every day or every other day, according to the severity of the illness." We do not quote any of the *jobs* or White Lies which the Parisian mistress recommends; because we think they are far from being essential to *Politeness*, and we recollect that Mrs Opie has written a book against them, which might then be opposed to our Book.—*National Gazette*.

WELLOCK.—When I asked Mrs. Ingham what she had not married again, her answer was—"That for wellock friendship was too familiar, and love too precious."

From the Saturday Evening Post.

### FROM THE HEART.

I stood on pleasure's dizzy beam,  
Free from care, from pain or sorrow,  
Nor thought its height an idle dream,  
To banish with the morrow.

I said to care, begone, thy pace  
Suits not a heart of glee;  
Grave melancholy, keep thy face,  
For sadder souls than me.

The world's a garden fair and wild,  
Where flowers sweetly bloom,  
Variety's a sporting child,  
Who laughs at care, and gloom.

Then let me gather ev'ry flower,  
Unmix'd with thorns or ill;—  
I'll bask upon the morning hour,  
Of youth, and beauty still.

But ah! tho' wand of fate dispels  
The fairest tints of joys  
Her iron grasp, and frown foretells,  
My brightest hope destroys.

That ray of Hope, so gay, and bright  
That danced on pleasures' beam,  
Now set in clouds of endless night  
Nor left one parting gleam.

ERNESTINE.

### THE MARRIAGE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To begin at the beginning:—When the Marquis of Downshire, about fifty years ago, was about to proceed on his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Rev. Dr. Burd. This gentleman communicated to this lordship one letter, recommending him to the favourable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family of France. The unhappy result of this new association was the elopement of Madam Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lordship. The only step taken by the husband in this case, was to transmit his two children, a boy and a girl, to his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that she would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother under the general protection of Lord Downshire, until at length the lady died, and the young nobleman found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon at the time of his quitting Paris. However, he placed the girl at a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment, his name having been previously changed, on his naturalization as a British subject, to Carpentier. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that 200*l.* of his annual salary should fall regularly every year to his sister, of whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, though he continued to consider himself as her guardian. Miss Carpentier in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the Marquis. His lordship having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr. Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies, who could spend two hundred a-year. Mr. Burd having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship that there

was such a place near his own home, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter, till, a few days after, as he and Mrs. Burd were on the point of setting out for Gileland Wells, on account of the ill health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a post chaise, being the persons alluded to by the Marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr. Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies, was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs. Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gileland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gileland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived the same afternoon, though only as a passing traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr. Burd.

Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this in itself was the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs. Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on the militia act,\* she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs. Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew any thing of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At ten their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that in a subsequent walk to the wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr. Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may easily be imagined that a desire of discussing the major was now the minor bond of union between the parties. Mr. Scott—for so he gave his name, had been impressed during the earlier part of the evening with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpentier, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gileland. Of this young lady it will be observed, he could previously have known nothing; she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day Mr. Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as next in the company of Mr. Burd and his fa-

mily as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow, and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country house in that part of England. In the course of the fortnight the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened, and it was not improbable, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpentier had been recently engaged, that the effect was in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr. Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpentier's society. In order to give a more plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr. and Mrs. Burd could not help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were if possible of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma, it was resolved by Mrs. Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr. Scott was a respectable young man, rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr. Scott's female friends, who did not, however, entertain this respectful notion of him, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gileland, wrote to this very Mrs. Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and "what kind of a young lady was it, who was going to take Watty Scott?" The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpentier, and the marriage took place at Carlisle within four miles of the *locale* of first acquaintance of the parties.

The match made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; and a kind and gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and harmony. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she resided, and though her foreign education gave a tinge of oddity to her manners, she formed an excellent mistress to the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to her children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant who had forgot himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully of his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

#### THE STOLEN KISS.

If when from thee I steal a kiss  
Wish frowns thy brow assail me,  
And thou dost chide me for the bliss  
My lips have stolen from thee;  
If thus 'mong frowns I taste of bliss,  
How happy will that time be  
When thou, repaying kiss for kiss,  
Hast ceas'd for ever to chide me!

\* The Traipen Riots took place 26th August, 1797.

**FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE MOOR.**—A Portuguese surgeon was one day accosted by a young Moor, from the country, who addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *draughts* to kill his father, and as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well,) replied with *sang froid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?" "Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; "he has made so much money; has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well and departed. About eight days after he came again to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed, accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable; "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day, the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt that he is a Marabout!"—(a saint.)

**THE GOLD WATCH.**—I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case, are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and find that the watch, without which this elegantly dressed chase would be a mere shell—these hands motionless—and these figures without meaning, are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring, by which all these works are put in motion, made of? I am told that it is made of steel. I ask, what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron, which has undergone a certain process. So then I find that the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold, that would not do—but of iron. Iron is, therefore, the only precious metal; and this gold watch is an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, whose movements every eye is occasionally directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topazes and embellishments, the aristocracy. Its works of brass the middle classes, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring, shut up in a box, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broke, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laborious classes, which are ignorantly and superciliously miscalled the lower classes, which, like the main spring, are wound up by the payment of wages; which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movements of society as the iron main spring is to the

gold watch, are never thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.

**THE TEMPLE OF MEMPHIS.**—When Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos, abode in Egypt, to draw wisdom out of ancient holy mountains, the priests conducted him into the temple of Memphis. Quietly and immense the stately edifice stood there, like a mountain in the twilight of morning.

How is it possible that human hands have raised this mass of rocks? exclaimed the Greek, full of astonishment.

United strength, answered the priest, can accomplish any thing, if genius directs it.

Now they opened the high gates of the temple, like the gates of the spiritual kingdom. They walked in and stood in silence between the lofty pillars, and a low sound went through the immense halls, like the voice of a spirit.

And terror seized the young philosopher of Samos, so that he trembled, and he leaned against the stone wall and wept:

Then a priest approached him and said, Why do you weep.

But Pythagoras was silent. After a while he replied, Oh leave me! Do I not feel myself in the presence of the Being whose name I dare not speak!

And the priest said, may it be well with you, my son, in your humility! It will lead you to the divinity for whom this sanctuary was built. Come, may the lofty appearance of the edifice lead you back reconciled to mankind.

Remember, that this temple was in the human breast before it arose out of the rocks. Dry your tears, and depart in joy!

**STRIKING AND TRUE STORY.**—Two young German noblemen having finished their College Session, resolved on making together an excursion of pleasure in the Hartz mountains. Having been occupied one day in a wild part of that wild district in gathering specimens of minerals, they were overtaken by a storm and benighted. Having lost their way they wandered about for some hours, when, wet and cold, they came to the ruins of an old castle, where they entered to try and find shelter for the night. In a low-vaulted room they were surprised and alarmed to find the embers of a fire still burning. Fearing robbers, they agreed that one should watch while the other slept; and, loading a pistol, which they happened to have with them, they heaped wood upon the fire, and one of them, wrapping himself in his cloak, lay down to take his turn of sleep. His companion, placing the pistol beside him, was passing the time in tracing resemblances of faces in the embers of the fire; when all at once, a secret door seemed to open in the wall opposite to him, disclosing several armed men sitting round a table. One of these advancing, ordered him to follow him, saying that resistance was in vain. The young man, starting up, seized and fired the pistol; the man fell, when horrid to relate, he found that he had awoke from a dream, and shot his friend through the heart.—*Greenock Intelligencer.*

Some stupid people suppose that imagination and philosophy are incompatible. Blockheads! Was not Bacon the greatest of philosophers, one of the most imaginative of men? There is more true philosophy in the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, and Scott, than in those of all the metaphysicians that ever existed.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people; for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

# THE PROUD LOVER.

Moderate.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain complex musical notation with many beamed notes and rests.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with lyrics written below the top staff. The lyrics are: "Had'st thou but grac'd a cot - tage hearth, Nor". The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with lyrics written below the top staff. The lyrics are: "bask'd in for - tune's shine, Heart ho - mage would have had a birth, I'd". The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with lyrics written below the top staff. The lyrics are: "wood thee to be mine. But ne'er will I be-". The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a fermata over the final note.



fore thee bend, My bash - ful - ness made bold, If

*p*

thou canst deem I e'er would spend A thought, a thought up-

*Ad. Lib.*  
If

on thy gold.

2  
Yet I'll not think thee bid the gem  
That sparkles in thy zone,  
Less radiant for its rich-chased home—  
Though like thee, fair, alone!  
Oh! 'tis but sons of earthly sway,  
And hearts of meaneast mould,  
As with the worthless stone, whose ray  
Is made or marred with gold.

3  
There's not a coinless son of Song  
But what would spurn the lyre  
His fervid finger sweeps along,  
If gilded were the wire!  
There's not a drop that warms my breast,  
But what turns proudly cold,  
As shrieking from the thought unblest,—  
To woo, or wed for gold.

## WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A person who knew a scrap of French, and was excessively vain of his accomplishment, accosted a gentleman in the street, with *Quelle heure est il?* i. e. What is it o'clock? The gentleman replied in Latin *Nescio*, i. e. I know not. God bless me, said the other, I did not know it was so late, and ran off as if on some very important business.

A Toast.—During the Administration of the elder Adams, the following was given by a gentleman more noted for ignorance than for information: “*Our President, John Adams; May the mantlepiece of George Washington fall upon his head. He meant Mantle.*”

IS THE MOON INHABITED?—Telescopes must yet be greatly improved before we can expect to see signs of inhabitants, as manifested by edifices or by changes on the surface of the soil. It should, however, be observed, that owing to the small density of the materials of the moon, and the comparatively feeble gravitation of bodies on her surface, muscular force would there go six times as far in overcoming the weight of materials on the earth. Owing to the want of air, however, it seems impossible that any form of life analogous to those on earth can subsist there. No appearance indicating vegetation, or the slightest variation of surface which can only be ascribed to change season, can any where be discerned.—*Sir J. Herschel on Astronomy.*

Young girls, of from fourteen to seventeen, are fond of aping the woman in their dress, and are partial to long shawls, which give the young things a matronly appearance. When they become women in reality, they are rather too apt to go upon the opposite tack, and to assume the dress and airs of the girl.

Among other notions of Frederick William, he believed that he possessed a taste for painting. During his fits of the gout, he used to amuse himself in practicing this art. One of his own Grenadiers was usually the model from which he copied, and when the portrait was more or less coloured than the original, he had the soldier's face painted so as to resemble the picture! He used to exhibit his paintings to his courtiers, who of course praised them. “Well,” said he one day, to an attendant who was admiring one of his pictures, “how much do you think that picture would bring at sale?” “Sire, it would be cheap at a hundred écusats.” “You shall have it for fifty,” said the King, “because you are a good judge, and I am therefore anxious to do you a favor.” The courtier was obliged to become the possessor of the miserable daub, and pay the fifty écusats.

Mr. Thomas Hull the actor, was the original projector of the Theatrical fund for the benefit of decayed performers. A whimsical anecdote is told of him.—During the fanatical riots of 1780 in London, the mob attacked his house; in order to appease them, he sent them out a barrel of table beer untapped—which they did not like, and exhibited such resentment by pelting his house with stones. It appears Hull had always valued himself upon making the best apologies to the public: to excuse any accident during an evening's performance at the Theatre. This habit was so deeply rooted in his nature, that he addressed the children of riot who were attacking his house, as follows—“Ladies and gentlemen—Upon my honor I have sent to Richard's Brewhouse for some porter, and in the meantime I must humbly solicit your usual indulgence.”

## A GOOD STORY.

There lived lately in one of mountainous counties in Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and, among them, one named Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwiler—they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and, while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the cause of all who offended him; and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills; when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgments, and mounted his throne to try their causes. He was heard to pass the following judgments.

Having prepared himself, (acting as Judge and yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwiler.

“Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What hash you been doin in dis lower world?”

“Ah! Lort, I does not know.”

“Well, Shorge Fulwiler, has't you got a mill?”

“Yes, lort, I hash.”

“Well, Shorge Fulwiler, didn't you never take too much toll?”

“Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water was low, und mien stones wash dull, I take a leetle too much toll.”

“Well, den, Shorge Fulwiler, you must go to der left, mid der goat.”

“Well, Shake Fulwiler, now you stand up. What you been doin in dis lower world?”

[The trial proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.]

“Now I tries mineself, Henry Shnyder! Henry Shnyder! stand up. What hash you been doin in dis lower world?”

“Ah! Lort, I does not know.”

“Well, Henry Shnyder, has't you got a mill?”

“Yes, Lort, I hash.”

“Well, Henry Shnyder, did'at you never take too much toll?”

“Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water wash low, und mien stones wash dull, I hash taken a leetle too much toll.”

“But, Henry Shnyder, vat did you do wid der toll?”

“Ah! Lort, I gives it to poor.”

(Pausing.) “Well, Henry Shnyder, you must go to der right mid der sheep; but it is a lam tight squeeze.”

PATRIOTISM.—When the Chancellor d'Anguissese, who constantly resisted the encroachments of Louis XIV. on the liberties of the people, was sent for to Versailles by that monarch, he was thus encouraged by his amiable wife: “Go,” said she, “forget in the king's presence your wife and your children,—sacrifice every thing except your honour.”

Dr. Johnson complained of the disappointment which an intimate acquaintance with eminent men often occasioned. “At a distance,” he said, “we see nothing but magnificence, and sublimity, and state; but upon a close and familiar approach, we discover narrowness, meanness, and insignificance.”

An eccentrie was used to say that it was not wicked to lie, swear, cheat or steal, and that he could prove it by scripture. Thus, it was not wicked to lie on a bed; to swear to the truth; to cheat the devil, or to steal from bed company.

**A MARVELLOUS STORY.**—I was bred up in a dislike of the marvellous, or the stupid wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their travelling adventures; one of them dwelt so much on the marvellous, that it induced another to give him a lesson.

"I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me; the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages, took possession of my mind; I considered for a moment what was to be done—most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family; I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outran the others, and the well known saying of "Divide and conquer," occurred to me. I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up; we engaged with mutual fury—I hope none here (bowing to the auditors) will doubt the result—in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare—but with the hope of reaching a neighbouring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English—this hope I was, however, forced to give up for on looking back, I saw one of my pursuers far in advance of the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than destroy another of my fellow creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up among the trees—I redoubled my speed, I prayed to Heaven—I felt assured my prayer would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I then thought I felt his warm breath—there was no chance—I turned round—Here the gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient past his endurance; he called out, "Well, sir, and you killed him also?" "No sir—he killed me."—*Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Old School.*

**ONE TONGUE OF KINDNESS.**—"Sometimes," says Mademoiselle Avrillon, "the Emperor (Bonaparte) would give us a slap, or pull our ears; but these were favours which he did not bestow upon every body, and we could judge of the degree of his good humour by the greater or less pain he put us to. One day, when he seemed to be in better humour than usual, he pinched my cheek so hard as to make me scream, and, as I was plump, I retained for several days a visible mark of his Majesty's satisfaction. I need hardly say that the Emperor had no intention of hurting us on these occasions. He often used the Empress in the same way, while we were dressing her. He preferred sleeping her on the shoulders, and though she continually exclaimed, "Have done, have done, Bonaparte," yet he continued this amusement of his as long as he pleased. The Empress forced a laugh, but I have more than once seen him bring tears into her eyes."

**SPILING THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.**—The following statement is no jest but a positive fact:—"A young man, in business, in Liverpool, led his blushing bride to the altar in the Old Church of that town, and when the question was asked, 'Wilt thou love and cherish &c.,' he answered as it is customary—and added, 'When she needed, he'd bang her.' The girl immediately stopped the clergyman, and asked if it was too late to retract. On being told that it was not, she turned upon her heel, and quietly walked out of the

church, saying that 'A man who could say what he had said at such a moment, in jest, was most likely to put his threat into execution, and bade him choose another mate.'—*Manchester Paper.*

If a man pronounces you a liar, it is very absurd to call him out for the same. This ceremony does not prove that you are not a liar; it only shows that you possess sufficient courage to stand at the distance of twelve paces, while a pistol—probably a leadless one—is fired at you.

Alexander one day, expressed to Duroc the intense desire he had to possess a pair of breeches of the emperor Napoleon—Duroc sounded his master on this extraordinary subject. Napoleon laughed heartily and said, "give him all I have, excepting you must leave me a pair for a change." This is authentic. The Emperor of Russia is said never to have worn any other breeches during the campaigns of 1813 and 14.

### LORENZO DOW.

The Hillsborough, Ohio, Democrat relates of Lorenzo, that when he was on a western tour, some years ago, in holding forth to one of their congregations, he dwelt with unusual pertinacity upon the wickedness of mankind, observing that "many persons become so extremely wicked, that they actually swelled and burst, and brought forward numerous instances to substantiate the truth of his declaration. During the whole of his sermon, he had been patiently listened to by a gentleman, whose abdominal rotundity and corpulent dimensions, bespoke him rather a Falstaff than an Edoon, who treasured up the words of Dow, for his future benefit, little dreaming that he himself, should be the unhappy victim of Divine wrath, and thus too in so short a period.

The sermon being ended, the gentleman repaired to the inn, where he put up for the night, and was shown to an apartment in which a number of other gentlemen also lodged, where he betook himself to batny slumber. The impression, however, which had been made upon his mind, by the language of the preacher, was such as to disturb his nocturnal repose to such a degree, that it was impossible for him to sleep; he already fancied himself swelling to an enormous size, and awaking in great agony, found himself perspiring freely; and being unable to chase the false delusion from his mind, he sprang from his bed, resolved to have "light" upon his perilous condition. He seized his unmentionables, and eagerly drawing them on, was further surprised to find that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could force his monstrous legs into the lower parts. He succeeded in that; but, alas! imagine his consternation upon finding that the waistband would not encircle his prodigious body by about twelve inches!—Being now certain that his was "a gone case," and expecting soon to be called from "time to eternity," the landlord was awake, and a light brought into the room; when to the great relief of the gentleman, and the singular gratification of the host and his other guests, it was discovered that he had through mistake, forced on the garment of a man about half his own size!—It may be proper to remark, that the gentleman still lives to amuse his friends by the recital of the story, and has neither increased or diminished in size since the occurrence transpired.—*See.*

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of the one part stated, 'we lye on this side,' my Lord; and the counsel of the other part, 'said we lye on this side!' The Chancellor stood up and said, 'if you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?'

THE METEORIC PHENOMENON.

The negroes stared : old women stood amazed  
And wild little boys with fright were crazed,  
As the fiery meteors shot on high,  
Like rockets quick streaming through the sky,  
And many trembled—as well they may  
For they thought 'twas the dawn of the Judgement day.

"Alack ! alack ! quoth the gaping slave,  
White man now pale—he no be so brave,  
Come Ned and see how de stars do fall,  
Lord ! look what a great big fiery ball,  
Ah ! Massa no beat me more—eh ?  
He 'fraid—for he know 'tis de Judgement day."

The old maid lay in her sleepless bed,  
With a thousand vexing thoughts in her head,  
Of beaux and parties nor more for her,  
But she saw the meteors shooting—"Pshaw !  
"Why for trifles do I weep this way.  
When stars are falling—'tis the Judgement day."

The urchin waked by the stir around  
Escap'd from his bed at a single bound—  
As he saw the meteors shooting afar  
He shriek'd with terror "oh my ! Mamma !  
Get up, Mamma ! oh ! get up and pray,  
'The world's at an end—'tis the Judgement day."

The brave man looked on the blue expanse,  
And a thousand meteors met his glance,  
"Well ! the stars are falling—I'll declare !"  
He saw a crowd "is a white man there,  
If so, I wish him to witness with me,  
When to-morrow I swear 'tis the Judgement day."

The wise man gazed on the beautiful light  
Coolly and calmly, with pious delight,  
And his warm heart glow'd with fervent praise  
As he thought of his great Creator's ways.  
Then he slept 'till the dawn without dismay,  
For he thought not once 'twas the Judgement day."

THE BELL AND KNOCKER.—A would-be wit, the  
other evening, experienced an improvement on the old  
pun of ringing the bell. After repeating the anecdote  
to an elderly matron and her three daughters, with  
whom he was on terms of intimacy, the mother jocosely  
observed, "Well, sir, here are three *belles*. Which  
of them will you ring ?" "O pardon me, madam," he  
replied, "I am in no hurry, I assure you, to reduce  
the *gun* to practice." "Indeed, sir !" cried the young-  
est, a pert little miss of sixteen, "then, since you don't  
choose to ring the *bell*," (pointing to the eldest,) "sup-  
pose you try the *knocker*." Suiting the action to the  
word, she gave him a smart box on the ear, for the  
want of gallantry.

MISS POLLY GRIMES.

Miss Polly Grimes is still a maid ;  
She says she ne'er will wed ;  
Her week-day frock's blue calico,  
Her Sunday one is red.

Her cheeks are blooming as the rose—  
Her eyes are heavenly blue :  
She does not wear a "dunstable"  
To hide her face from view.

She never lets her beaux "make free,"  
Nor listens to their vows :  
When she gets up she makes the beds—  
At evening milks the cows.

Nor does she like affected belles  
Attempt to poetise :  
She's busy every baking day,  
At making cakes and pies.

She's always up at six o'clock,  
In time to skim the milk :  
Her bonnet's made of yellow straw—  
And neatly trimmed with silk.

Her mind is of a serious turn,  
She often thinks of death :  
She does not lace her stays so tight,  
They make her gape for breath.

Her mother thinks there never was  
One like her in the world :  
Her hair is parted o'er her brow—  
She never has it curled.

Beloved by all her female friends  
She leads an easy life,  
And any man in town would jump,  
To get her for his wife.

COMUS.

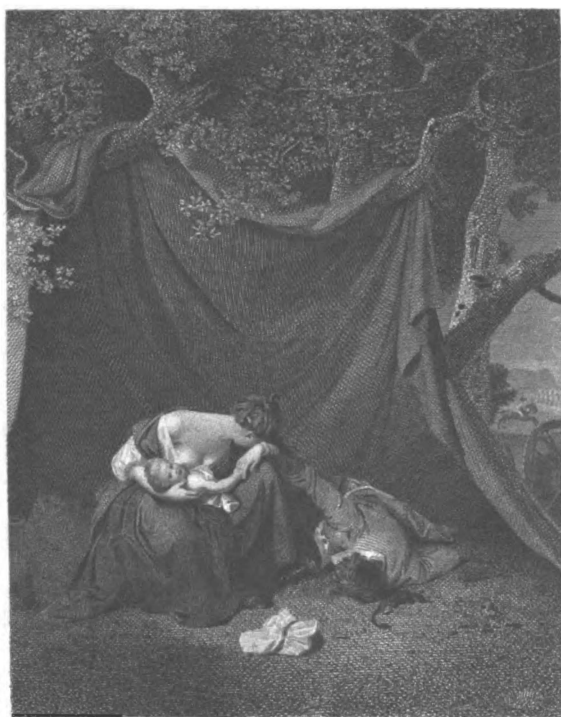
It is Hard to Regain Reputation.

"You know you're a thief, Pat!" "I know I *have* been  
But my folly and wickedness fully I've seen ;  
Yet no one will trust me to work or to serve,  
And if I stay here, I must steal or must starve.  
If you a good word to the captain will *speake*,  
That I may a trip to America take,  
You shall find I'll be honest, *for all the old stain*,  
Nor disgrace the green isle of the ocean again."  
Kind Dennis consents, and poor Pat is receiv'd ;  
The word of strict Dennis was aptly believ'd ;  
Escap'd from his guilt and escap'd from his shame,  
In a new world poor Pat hoped to earn a new name.  
He was kind to the crew, to the captain obedient,  
To please he was never without an expedient.  
He work'd and he sung, no nining watch or midnight,  
And Pat of the crew was the life and delight ;  
Even Dennis (at first not a little suspicious  
That Pat's new-found honesty might be factitious)  
Felt easy respecting the pledge of his word,  
And rejoic'd that his friend was to honour restor'd.  
When one day, while Patrick the ship's deck was  
washing,  
And with bucket drew sea-water up for more splashing ;  
Relying too much on the hold of his foot,  
And reaching and bending his whole body to  
The ship gave a *heel*—Patrick's balance was lost,  
And himself and his bucket to old Davy tost.  
"Man overboard ! out with a rope !" was the cry—  
When Dennis on Pat, mid the waves, cast his eye.  
"Catch the spalpeen," roard Dennis, "he's made me  
a liar !

And so devil roast him before his great fire !  
To strive against bad *education's* in vain !  
Och ! the thief, how he's got at his old tricks again !  
If I saw not, I wouldn't believe how he took it !  
Only look how the thief swims away *with the bucket*."  
W. D.

CURIOUS CLOCK.—The most curious thing in the Ca-  
thedral at Lubeck, is a clock of singular construction.  
It is calculated to answer astronomical purposes, re-  
presenting the places of the sun and moon in the eclic-  
tic, the moon's age, a perpetual almanack, and many  
other contrivances. The clock, as an inscription sets  
forth, was placed in the Church on Candlemas-day, in  
1405. Over the face of it appears an image of our  
Saviour, and on either side of the image are folding  
doors, so constructed as to fly open every day when  
the clock strikes twelve. At this hour, a set of figures,  
representing the twelve apostles, come out from the  
door on the left hand of the image, and pass by in re-  
view before it, each figure making its obeisance by  
bowing as it passes that of our Saviour, and after-  
wards entering the door on the right hand. When  
the procession terminates the doors close.—*Clark's  
Travels in Scandinavia.*





*J. Wright pinxt*

*S. W. C. Anon. sculp.*

THE DEAD WOMAN.

*Published by S. C. Atkinson.*



OR GEMS OF  
**LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.**

Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,  
The battle is their pastime. They go forth  
Gay in the morning, as to the summer's sport :  
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,  
The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.

**No. 3.] PHILADELPHIA.—MARCH. [1834.**

**THE DEAD SOLDIER.**

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SOLDIER !—She's near thee now,  
For whom thy latest prayer  
Was but to gaze upon her brow,  
And bless her faithful care ;  
The death-shot in thy breast ;  
The death-mist o'er thine eye,  
For this, thy halting footsteps prest  
On, toward thy tent, to die.

She's kneeling at thy side,—  
Her face of anguish, see !  
How changed that bright and blooming bride  
Who left her home for thee.  
The battle-smoke curls high  
Above yon reeking plain,  
Thy comrades raise the victor-cry,  
Wake, Soldier !—'tis in vain !

Mourn ! mourn, thou desolate one,  
No more thy path forlorn  
Shall glow with earth's refulgent sun,  
It hath no second morn :  
Go in thy deep despair  
Down to thy husband's tomb,  
And lay thy young affections there,—  
They know no second bloom.

Babe ! Sorrow hath no power  
O'er innocence like thine,  
And thou must gild her lonely bower,  
A star from Mercy's shrine.  
Thy sweetly slumbering breath  
That o'er her cheek shall stream,  
Can chase the forms of war and death,  
That haunt her nightly dream.

Still with thy cherub art  
Her misery beguile,  
And when the grief-bang rends her heart  
Wear then thy father's smile ;  
None else thy skill can share,  
None else such halm bestow,  
For thou canst bring a mother's care  
To heal a widow's woe.

**BYRON'S PRAYER.**

BY J. MALCOLM.

My soul is sick of this long day,  
I'm weary of its lingering light—  
And loathing life I turn away  
To weep and wish for night.  
I long to lay me gently down  
In slumber on my mother's breast—  
And would exchange an empire's crown  
For everlasting rest.

Though but in manhood's morn I stand—  
I've lived the laurel wreath to gain—  
My songs are heard in every land,  
And beauty breathes the strain.  
Her smiles and sweetest tears are mine,  
And yet of love—youth—fame possess—  
Oh ! gladly would my heart resign  
All—all for endless rest.

The dreams for which men wish to live  
Or dare to die—the gilded cloud  
Of glory o'er the tomb I'd give  
For silence and a shroud.  
I ask no paradise on high—  
With being's strife on earth oppress—  
The only heaven for which I sigh  
Is rest—eternal rest !

My natal day with tears I keep,  
Which I rejoiced in when a child,  
And each return the birth I weep  
O'er which my mother smiled.  
Had heaven take back the birth it gave,  
That I a cold and silent guest,  
Within my father's house the grave,  
May find a long—long rest.

Without my own consent I came,  
But with my wildest wish I go—  
For I would faintly be the same  
I was—ere born to woe.  
My cold hush'd heart, with no pale gleams  
Of consciousness to wake or waste,  
I would have slept within its dreams,  
And rest—eternal rest.



Written for the Casket.

## GAMBLING.

In the dreadful phalanx of vices, which darken the prospects of human happiness, and throw a blight over the fair hopes of society, GAMBLING stands among the foremost:—the more dangerous, it may be, because in its earliest movements it presents itself, not in the form of an enemy, against whose attack the heart might guard itself, but under the specious semblance of friendliness, and assuming the name of amusement, harmless, innocent, nay, possibly even profitable amusement.

Advocates for the convivial card party may contend that cards, when used without any reference to pecuniary hazard, or advantage, may be used, to say the very least, *innocently*, since the playing of a game of cards involves in some degree the exercise of mind, and therefore may conduce to the strengthening and improvement of the mental powers. Our business lies not here, however we may disapprove of card playing, as calculated to induce the habit, and the love of gambling; it is not *simply* card playing, as practised at mixed evening parties, which will here be brought under consideration. We would only remark, that many a youth of promise, who has begun with card playing, has ended with the destructive crime of gambling; and we may be permitted to caution those who indulge in this amusement, to beware of its tendency.

In considering the subject of Gambling, that fell destroyer of private virtue—that cruel bane of domestic peace—we have but to look at its consequences, to stamp us with its character. It is gambling, in its effects, which is to be brought into view. Here the enemy is disrobed of that specious covering, called innocent enjoyment, which concealed its deformity. Here, in its results, it is presented as a cruel demon—a foe to social order—to social virtue and happiness. Who that has witnessed the deleterious influence of gambling, on the morals of our young men, and, of course, on the welfare of society, but must deprecate the practice, as a bane to the happiness of mankind at large, and as a poisonous fountain, opened in the bosom of our country, to blight, with its dark waters, those goodly plants, which have arisen and flourished in the fair garden of our national prosperity; giving promise of future shelter and protection, when time shall have laid in dust our towering cedars, and our hearts of oak.

Could we look into the arena of dissipated life, and behold, in a group, the immediate, and the more remote victims of this vice,—where could we find language to express our grief—our indignation? Behold that countenance, convulsed with rage, expressing demoniac hatred, and revenge thirsting for life! That countenance was once dignified by the grace, and the beauty, of human feeling!—that being was once susceptible of the generous sympathies of our nature, he was once happy in the exercise of those charities which constitute a source of man's purest bliss! What fiend has wrought this deplorable change? Gambling!—Hark!—that dreadful report, and that despairing groan have told a story of death! The crime of gambling has sent an unprepared spirit into the indescribable light of ETERNITY!

The man was a husband, a father, a son! Behold the wife of his youth, overwhelmed with unutterable agony, sink to the grave, the victim of another's crime! See those innocent and helpless children, for a father's guilt, homeless wanderers upon the face of the earth, a prey to want, and wretchedness, and sin! Behold that broken-hearted mother, doomed to death by the child for whom she has suffered, and watched, and toiled! The hand of her beloved, her cherished son, has prepared her premature grave! See that aged man, descending in sorrow to the dark chambers of death!—has tottering steps hastened thither by the unnatural cruelty of his son; for whom he has spent days and years of care and toil! Oh! the arm on which he had depended, has given the death blow to the bosom of parental affection! Gambling has stamped on the soul of its wretched votary, the tremendous crime of *parricide*! Who then can speak its horror! Now turn your eye to yonder gallows, erecting on an eminence, that the world may witness the dreadful consequence of guilt. That ignominious death is preparing for one who entered life with the fairest prospects of usefulness, respectability, and happiness. "How is the fine gold changed!" Gambling has been the ruin of that man! He began with risking small sums in play. The unwary steps of youth descended the slippery paths of vice—The man who might have been a pillar and an ornament of society; who in his example, and in the extending influence of that example, might have proved a blessing to his cotemporaries, and to unborn millions—that unhappy man became a gambler! The Gambler, wrought to madness by unsuccessful hazard, became a murderer!—and now he dies!—cut off by the hand of justice from all the dear charities of our nature, sent away in the meridian of life, through the land of the shadow of death, leaving behind him blasted hopes, withered affections, and broken hearts; the groans of the widow and the wailings of the orphan. And where is he?—tremendous question! His disembodied spirit has entered that world, whose dread realities he disregarded—in the light of that Law, holy and just and good, whose awful and glorious sanctions he slighted and abused. An immortal spirit, sent to eternity, beneath the dreadful weight of neglected privileges, of abused gifts, of misapplied talents, of murdered affection! What heart can conceive the horror of such a departure?

Behold those young men engaged in deadly strife. They were friends. They became gamblers. The infatuation of vice blinded reason, so that they called crime, honour! The gamblers have become *duellists*. Many hearts are involved in the misery of their last dreadful act. Death shuts to mortal eyes the awful scene; or if one survived, the curse of the first murderer rests upon him—a fugitive and a vagabond, he wanders over the earth, with blood upon his soul!

See that abode of poverty and wretchedness; domestic peace once smiled within those walls. The husband and the father became a gambler; and with demoniac cruelty, he now stabs the heart which once he loved. See that pale, wan countenance, that fragile form, bending beneath the weight of grief, the bitter grief of unrequited,

abused affection. She would die for the peace of him who has forgotten his vow to cherish her happiness. That being, so fair, so comfortless, now watches, in the paleness of her faded beauty, the midnight taper, counting the long, long minutes, till the return of her abandoned husband may give to her breaking heart the bitter satisfaction of knowing that for a few more miserable hours, he is comparatively safe, within the protecting walls of his changed and abused home. The first faint glimmerings of day are seen in the east; and now the tottering step of the self-ruined man is heard at the door. It is opened by the gentle being, who even in ruin, still loves the betrayer of her peace. No word of reproach escapes her lips; nay, she smiles! Oh! crime has changed that heart to adamant, or he would *feel that smile*. But dreadful passions have set their mark upon his once open and noble brow. His voice has lost all the sweetness of humanity; that last cast of the dice, rendered him penniless; and on the instant, he wrecks the madness of his rage, he spurs the affection, which has watched in its patient love. With boisterous and cruel language, he accosts that meek spirit, who so often has prayed for his peace; with horrible imprecations, he invokes *eternal woe* upon the mother of his children!

And now, for a little while without hope, exhausted nature sinks to starting and unrefreshing slumber; but his spirit is awake to horror; and hateful to him is the returning light of day. He rises, in dreadful gloom, and in the maddening tortures of self-reproach, he hears his helpless babes cry to their mother for bread, which she has not to give. To him they turn not in the innocence of their affection; for they have often trembled before his fury. With horror, he remembers that gambling has been his destruction, and the ruin of his family. O! if he be not dead to moral feelings, he must experience the madness of regret. O! to return to what he once was—to begin anew the career of life.—But that may not be. He plunges in the inebriating cup the remains of reason and conscience; he winds his spirit up to the madness of desperate courage, and dies by his own hand. Tremendous goal to the mortal career of an accountable, a deathless spirit! What human power of calculation can compute the dreadful consequences of Gambling! In its slow, but deadly progress, it poisons the healthful streams of moral existence. It changes to a desert, infested by demons, and the monsters of passion, the paradise of domestic life. It renders the heart callous to the refined, delightful, and ennobling sensibilities of humanity; it paralyzes the lofty powers of the mind; it degrades and debases the spirit of man. It changes the voice of friendship to discord wild. It pierces, as with a barbed arrow, the heart of affection. It is followed by poverty—not that which God in his wisdom sometimes suffers to fall upon those who love his Law: Not respectable, confiding poverty, smiling in its holy submission; but the ragged, comfortless, guilty penury, induced by multiplied crime. It presents to its deluded, disappointed votary, the poisoned bowl of intemperance—the pistol, and the dagger of murder,

and of suicide. Crimes of other names, and of multifarious shape, follow in its deadly train—and oh! who can utter the dreadful, the amazing responsibility, resting upon talents sacrificed to a debasing vice; talents which might have been consecrated to the holy cause of virtue, to the glory of God, and the happiness of man. Who can tell the infinite value of those powers, which, rightly applied, might, by the blessing of heaven, have prepared immortal souls to *shine as the stars of the firmament, forever and ever*. Who can appreciate the amazing loss of one indestructible spirit; which, in its day of probation, gave itself over to the dominions of an insatiable and degrading vice.

If there are tears in Heaven, angels might weep  
At such a sight as this.

And the influence, the dreadful influence of such an example. Its effect dies not with the self-destroying gambler. The half is not told! What mortal voice can speak the extent of this influence on future generations—on distant nations—on the awards of ETERNITY! MARY.

### EARTH'S WEARY ONES.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

Open the grave, the vaulted grave,  
For the weary ones of earth—  
They are pressing on, and their bosoms heave  
For the morn of heavenly birth:  
They are pressing on,—in the mockery  
Of joy and of hope—they long to die:  
They are pressing on, in the strength of power,  
And the pride of wealth—they wait the hour.

Ye may trace them in the hall of song,  
By the lamp's high flaming light,  
Where pipe, and tabret their notes prolong,  
And jewels are sparkling bright.  
In the show of beauty, of mirth, and pride,  
Light down the mazy dance they glide;  
By the pallid cheek neath the smiles they wear,  
And the smothered sigh, ye may trace them there!

They are decked in the ruby's ruddy glow,  
And wealth of the far down sea;  
And the diamond shines but to mock their woe,  
And proclaim the spirit free.  
But alas, alas, for the fond hopes crushed,  
For the tones of love in the dark tomb hushed,  
For affection changed and vows forgot—  
Nor gems, nor pearls, can that memory blot.

Raise ye the veil at the festal hour,  
From that fair unfurrowed brow;  
A bride!—but woe for the bridegroom's power—  
The grave ye may open now—  
From the glittering robes of royalty,  
Peers the broken heart thro' the sunken eye;  
And the wreath of fame crowns the weary band—  
Mid the honored crowd, the hopeless stand.

Ye may trace them in the house of prayer,  
On the lowly bended knee—  
With uplifted eye and a brow of care—  
The burthened soul to free.  
Then open the grave—they are pressing on,  
In beauty and youth, but a vinge wan;  
In festal halls—neath the laurel's wave,  
They are weary of earth—open the grave.

Many people are praised for a giddy kind of good humor, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

*From B. Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, 3 vols. Published by E. C. Nichols, Philada.*  
**Visit to the Sultan of Pontiana, in Borneo!**  
 By Admiral Sir Samuel Hood.

In the summer of 1814, Sir Samuel Hood made a voyage, in his majesty's ship *Minden*, to the eastern parts of his station. We called first at Acheen, on the north end of the island of Sumatra, where we held some very amusing intercourse with the king of that district, whose capital the admiral visited. From thence we steered over to Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, and thence down the Straits of Malacca, entering the China Sea by the beautiful Straits of Singapore. The admiral's chief object was to visit Java; but as there lay three routes before him to choose between, viz. the Straits of Gaspar, the Straits of Banca, and the Caramata passage, he preferred taking the last and widest, which also led him near the western shores of the immense island of Borneo. On reaching the equator, he steered for the mouth of the great river Lava, which passes the town of Pontiana. The weather being very favourable, the ship was anchored, and the barge got ready for an expedition.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the mean time, as there existed no dispute about the navigation of the River Lava, we rowed up very peaceably towards the great city of Pontiana. On our meeting a canoe with a Malay in it, the admiral, who had been studying Marsden's dictionary all the way, stood up in the barge, made the men lie on their oars, and to their great astonishment, and probably to that of the native, called out, in the Malay tongue,

"Which is the way to the sultan's house?"

To Sir Samuel's unspeakable delight the man whom he addressed understood him, and after offering to show us the landing-place, paddled off ahead of us. Our fellows gave way as hard as they could, but the Malay kept the lead; and as we shot past the Chinese towns, one on each bank, the natives crowded to the beach, as much astonished, no doubt, with our strange cocked hats, swords, and oddly shaped boats, as we could be with their long tails and wild-looking junks, or with the creases which every Malay carries by his side. The fierce-looking weapon is not, in form, unlike the waving sword one sees in the pictures of the angel Michael, though it is not above a foot and a half in length.

The sultan's cousin received the admiral and his party at the gate of the palace, and led him by the hand along the causeway of flag stones to the residence of the monarch. Directly in the middle of the gateway, which was only ten feet wide and about as many in height, there stood a 24 pounder gun. On the top of the arch there was built a small square room, from holes in which peeped out the muzzles of five or six field-pieces, the whole affair resembling very much that part of a child's box of toys which represents the stronghold or castle. Within the high wall surrounding the palace, we counted innumerable large guns scattered about, apparently with no other object than to be seen—as if the mere look of a cannon were expected to do the work of a fight! The same number of

smock barrels of gunpowder, similarly disposed, would have answered the purpose equally well, or perhaps better, for there appeared no way in which the guns could be fired, without doing more injury to the besieged than to the besiegers.

On we went, till we were met by the sultan himself, at the inner side of the quadrangle. He courteously conducted the admiral to a large room or hall of audience, and having begged his guest to sit down at a small table, took a chair by his side, and began a conversation as if they had been long acquainted. Of course, in spite of the admiral's proficiency, this could not be accomplished without an interpreter; and the services of a very clever Malay boy, whom we had brought with us from the ship, were brought into requisition. The hall, in which we were first received, might have been about fifty feet square, bleak, unfurnished, and comfortless, with an uncovered mud floor. It was so feebly lighted by a few windows almost hid by Venetian blinds, that we could only discover the roof had been left bare and unfinished. After sitting for about ten minutes, the sultan rose and led the way to another apartment, apparently of still larger dimensions, but literally so dark, that, had it not been for the light entering by the door we had left, and the one ahead of us, we could not have moved along without breaking our shins over the stones, sticks, and other rubbish lying in the way. We had next to make rather a difficult transit along a precarious kind of bridge, formed of a single plank laid across an uminous-looking pool or puddle of mud, which divided these two branches of the palace from each other.

All at once we were ushered into a splendid room, seventy or eighty feet square, brilliantly lighted and not ill furnished, and strongly contrasted with the darkness of the suite we had passed through. This total want of keeping, it may be mentioned, is quite in Oriental taste. They know tolerably well how to be magnificent on occasions; but they never learn how to be uniformly decent. The Asiatics, and even some other nations which might be named nearer home, can seldom afford to be taken by surprise. Indeed, I am not sure if more than one country can be alluded to, in which the people are at all hours ready to receive strangers, and have no occasion to make a fuss, or to change any thing when a rap comes to the door.

In the centre of this gorgeous room, on a part of the floor raised to about a foot and a half above the level of the rest, and laid with a rich Turkey carpet, stood a long table, at the top of which the sultan placed the admiral, and then made the signal for tea. First entered an attendant, bearing a large tray, on which were ranged several dozen of exceedingly small cups. This he placed on the carpet, and then squatted himself down cross-legged, beside it. Another attendant soon followed bearing the tea-pot, and he likewise popped himself down. After a conjuration of some minutes the cups were brought round, containing weak black tea, exquisite in flavour, but marvellously small in quantity.—There appeared no milk, but plenty of sugar candy. Some sweet sherbet was next handed

really, very ~~delicious~~ acid, but so deliciously cool, that we appealed frequently to the vase or huge jar from which it was poured, to the great delight of the sultan, who assured us that this was the genuine sherbet described by the Persian poets. It was mixed, he told us, by a true believer, who had made more than one pilgrimage to Mecca.

At the upper end of the apartment, in a deep recess, laid from our view by a rich festoon of shawl drapery, we could just discover the sultan's bed, flanked by large mirrors, beyond which, in an adjacent chamber, was probably stowed away the sultan's most favoured wife.—But all this department of the establishment was thrown into such deep shade, that we could see none of the ladies, nor any of his highness's progress, except one little boy, whom he introduced to us at supper. He appeared to be about five or six years old, very like his papa in miniature, rigged with turban and robes of cloth of gold.—At first the little fellow looked somewhat startled, but he soon recovered his dignity, and sat at our knees, without much apprehension of being swallowed up.

Both the upper corners of the room were screened off by white curtains, eight or ten feet high, so as to form smaller chambers. One of these served the purpose of a pantry, or subsidiary kitchen, at least we observed the dishes issuing from it, and thought we could distinguish the well-known sound of the cook's angry reproaches—a noise which, like that of muttering thunder, is nearly the same in every climate. The other corner was soon made out to be a sort of temporary nook, from which the ladies of the palace and the young sultans and sultanas might spy the strangers. This we ascertained from seeing sundry very pretty faces thrust out occasionally between the folds of the curtain, and by the sound of many an ill-suppressed giggle amongst the peeping damsels.

A half-choked squall from some rebellious baby, or a sound thrack on the pate of an over-curious urchin, betrayed the nursery in terms not to be mistaken. Indeed, I do not wonder at their eagerness to look at the admiral, whose very appearance, in any company in the world, or under any circumstances, must have claimed no small share of admiration. The characteristic prominence of the Hood nose, so well known for a glorious half century in the navy, with the tall and gallant bearing of our lamented chief, to say nothing of the Nelson-like circumstance of his right arm having been shorn away in battle, and I may add, the peculiar sweetness of his voice and the benignant expression of his countenance, which, while they won all hearts to him, showed a mind entirely at peace with itself. Every thing, in short, that was great and amiable, conspired to render Sir Samuel Hood one of the most interesting officers of his time.

The sultan appeared to enter into his guest's character at once, and neither overloaded him with attention, nor failed to treat him as a person to whom much respect was due. I heard Sir Samuel say afterwards, that he was particularly struck with the sultan's good breeding, in not offering to assist him in cutting his meat. The sultan merely remarked, that few people

were so expert as his guest even with both hands: adding, neatly enough, that on this account the distinction which his wound had gained for him was more cheaply purchased than people supposed. While the admiral was hunting for some reply to this novel compliment, his host remarked, that in Borneo it was considered fashionable to eat with the left hand.

The supper, which soon followed the tea, consisted of about a dozen dishes of curry, all different from one another, and a whole poultry yard of grilled and boiled chickens, many different sorts of salt fish, with great basins of rice at intervals, jars of pickles, piles of sliced pineapple, sweetmeats, and cakes. Four male attendants stood by with goblets of cool sherbet, from which, ever and anon, they replenished our glasses; besides whom, a number of young Malay girls waited at a distance from the table, and ran about nimbly with the plates and dishes.

All persons who approached the sultan fell on their knees, and having joined their hands in the act of supplication, lowered their foreheads till they actually touched the ground. The sultan held out his hand, which the people eagerly embraced in theirs, and pressed to their lips.—What they had to say was then spoken, and after again bending their foreheads to the ground they retired. This ceremonial took place only in the outer room or hall of audience, for no one, except the strangers and one or two of the principal officers of state, was permitted to approach nearer than twenty or thirty feet of the raised part of the floor where we sat. At that distance, a group of about twenty persons, probably the nobles of the court, sat cross-legged on the ground in a semicircle facing the sultan, and in profound silence during the whole supper, no part of which appeared to fall to their share.

Soon afterwards the cloth was removed, and a beautiful scarlet covering, of the texture of a shawl, substituted in its place. This might, perhaps, give us a hint for after dinner. Instead of dull mahogany, or dazzling white, why might we not spread over the table a cloth couleur de rose for the benefit of the complexions of the company?

The sultan now produced a letter which he had received from Lord Minto, when governor-general, thanking his highness for the friendly disposition he had always manifested towards the English people trading to the great city of Pontiana, and in a particular manner expressing his obligation for the manner in which Mr. Palmer, a wealthy merchant of Calcutta, had been received by the sultan, when his ship was wrecked on the west coast of Borneo.

"Mr. Palmer," said the sultan, "lived for some weeks with me, and on returning to Calcutta, sent me these beautiful mirrors and chandeliers. But," added he, pointing again to the governor-general's letter, "much as I value embellishments so splendid, I esteem far more this little signature, and these few words from Lord Minto. Still," continued his highness, "my wishes in this respect have never been fully satisfied. I have long desired to possess a specimen of Sir Samuel Hood's writing; and though I never ventured to hope that I should have had an opportunity of seeing his signature

written with his own hand, I have always felt how essentially that circumstance would add to its value in my estimation."

It was wonderful how well the shrewd little Malay interpreter expressed all this rigmarole to the admiral, who cheerfully agreed to the proposal, and desired me to send for his writing case. As I rose, the admiral whispered to me, "I wish you would contrive, at the same time, to see what the boat's crew are about. Try, also, if you can get them something to eat; the fellows must be hungry enough by this time—but mind they don't get too much toddy."

I found the crew seated on the mud floor of a large room close to the beach, and open on all sides, like a tent without walls. The Johnnies were in such high glee, that I feared they had already trespassed too deeply on the toddy pot; but I was glad to find that their satisfaction arose from a safer source, in the shape of a glorious hot supper, which Jack was tucking in, to the delight and astonishment of the natives, who had been ordered by the sultan to supply them with as much curry and rice as they chose to eat. The cook had no sinecure of it that evening!

I soon returned to the palace, and the admiral having written several lines for his host's album, expressed his wish to retire to rest. The sultan instantly rose, and having conducted his honoured guest to the outer door, he left him in charge of half a score of the principal officers of the palace, amongst whom were several of the sultan's own near relatives. This guard of honour accompanied Sir Samuel to his bed-room, and it cost him a good deal of trouble and some address to free himself from his company—their intention evidently being to bestow their tediousness upon his excellency all night.

Scarcely was this party dismissed, when to our great surprise, the sultan himself came to the door of the house in which the admiral and his suite were lodged. Sir Samuel feared that he might possibly have given offence to some of the worthy connexions of the sultan by dismissing them too abruptly, and that the sultan had called for "an explanation." The honest Asiatic had no such gunpowder fancies in his head. On the contrary, the object of his visit was to press upon the admiral's acceptance two large and beautiful diamonds. The poor admiral was now reduced to a great dilemma. He could not, he thought, with any official propriety, accept the present; and yet he felt very unwilling to hurt the generous sultan's feelings, especially as his highness had paddled at midnight through the mud of his own approach to make the offer. The sultan saw at a glance what a mistake he had made, and instantly withdrew, laughing, however, and saying such was the custom of his nation. I think the admiral was sorry afterwards that he had not carried in the boat some trinkets of correspondent value, or that he had not accepted the diamonds, and afterwards sent something still more precious to the sultan.

Very early in the morning, long before there was the least peep of dawn, the admiral roused us all out of bed, ordered the boat to be manned, and declared his intention of dropping down the river while it was yet cool, so as to reach the

ship before the fierce heat of the sun had set in. I suspect, also, that he wished to escape the salutes and other fustifications, of which he had seen some preparations over night. But in this he partly reckoned without his host, for scarcely had he gained the distance of two or three hundred yards from the shore, when the heavy guns of the batteries began to fire a royal salute.—The night was uncommonly dark and still, and the successive flashes and reports of the canons were followed by a long series of echoes from the edges of the damp forests lining the banks of the three different branches or forks of the river. The admiral, who had the finest perception possible for all that was picturesque or beautiful, was exceedingly struck with the grandeur of this nocturnal salute, and having made the men lay their oars across the boat, while she drifted quickly down the river, he stood up in the stern-sheets in order to enjoy the scene more completely. At each of the first dozen discharges we were near enough to be illuminated by the flash, and a smile of delight could be seen on the veteran's countenance as sounds so dear to him once more caught his ear. It is not improbable that they recalled to his memory the glorious night action of the Nile; in which it is not too much to say, that amongst all the distinguished warriors whom Nelson had gathered round him, there was not one on whom this great chief more firmly relied in battle, or to whom, personally, he was more attached in private life.

A trifling incident occurred shortly afterwards, which suggested to our thoughts another important service of Sir Samuel Hood's, which, although it be familiarly known in the navy, may not be so fresh in the recollection of persons on shore. A question arose in the boat as to whether or not the land-wind was blowing. Some said there was a breeze up the river, while others maintained that the wind blew down towards the sea. The admiral let us go on speculating and arguing for some time, and then said, "You are both wrong; there is not a breath of air either up or down the river. At all events we shall soon see, if you will strike me a light." This was done accordingly; and the admiral, standing on the after-thwart, held the naked candle high over his head, while the men ceased rowing.

"There, you see," exclaimed he, "the flame stands quite upright, which proves, that if there be any breeze at all, it blows no faster than the stream runs down."

As he yet spoke, the flame bent from the land, and in the next instant was puffied out by a slight gust from the forest.

It would be quite impossible, within any moderate compass, even to enumerate the important services which Sir Samuel Hood rendered to his country, both before and after the time alluded to; nor can it be necessary to do so, for they are still so fresh in the recollection of the navy that they are often quoted as examples in every walk of duty. His forte appears to have been that invaluable quality of all great commanders, promptitude in seeing what was best to be done, and decision of purpose in carrying

into execution. At the moment of greatest doubt and difficulty, and when scarcely any one else could see through the confusion, he appears invariably to have taken those useful practical views which the calmest subsequent reflection proved to have been the most expedient.

One of the most important, and also the most amusing instances of the effect of his resolute and characteristic presence of mind and boldness of manner, occurred in the summer of 1797, when Nelson attacked the town and fortifications of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. The enterprise failed; Nelson was wounded and carried on board in the only boat not captured or destroyed, while the remaining officers and men were necessarily left without any means of defence or escape. Sir Thomas Troubridge and Captain Hood now found themselves in the very heart of the town, at the head of only a handful of seamen and marines carrying merely a few pikes, but surrounded by several thousands of well armed Spaniards. As the boats had been all demolished in the surf, or knocked to pieces by the fire of the batteries, retreat became impossible, and capture or destruction would inevitably have awaited them the moment day-break showed their small numbers and wretched plight. In this dilemma Captain Hood went forward alone to the Spanish governor, and said he was sent by the commanding officer of the British troops and seamen within the walls to state, that as they had been disappointed in their expectation of finding treasure in the town, they were disposed to return peaceably to their ships, if boats were provided them for that purpose, but that should any means be taken to molest or retard them, they would then set fire to the town in different places, and force their way out of it at the point of the bayonet. With the utmost deliberation, and without betraying the smallest haste or anxiety, he then pulled out his watch, and said, "I am directed to give you ten minutes to consider of this offer."—See the *Naval Chronicle*, volume xvii. page 19.

Don Antonio, the governor, looked amazed at the coolness of this proposal from persons whom he conceived—and with good reason—to be his prisoners. He proposed to hold a council of war immediately, and let the British commander know their determination in the course of an hour; but Captain Hood saw the impression which his argument had produced, and again holding up his watch, declared he could not spare his excellency a single second; and as the fatal minute approached, he turned round and prepared to rejoin his shipmates. The governor, alarmed at the possible consequences of driving men so commanded into extremities, acceded to the proposals made by Captain Hood, and agreed to provide the defeated party with boats.

Next morning, accordingly, the Spaniard, having once pledged himself to certain terms, kept good faith, and not only allowed them all to return to their ships, but, previously to the embarkation of the invaders, he considerably furnished each of the sailors with a bowl of wine and a biscuit, filled their boats with fruit and other refreshments, and gave orders that each

of the British as had been wounded should be received into the Spanish hospital!

## ELECTRICITY.

It is very common for a lecturer upon electricity, after explaining fully to his class the fact, that when a communication is formed between the inside and outside of the jar, the fluid passes from one to the other, to request them to form a line by joining hands and to allow the charge to pass through them all, so as to observe who feels the effect soonest. But when the line is formed, and one extremity connected with the outside of the jar, and the individual who stands at the other extremity, touches the knob connected with the inside, the start of the whole line is precisely simultaneous. At college, this experiment is sometimes tried with some hundreds of students arranged in a long line in the college yard. The one at the extremity most remote from the jar takes hold of a chain which, supported at intervals, returns to the jar, and thus the fluid has to pass through a distance of many hundred feet, but no perceptible difference in time is to be observed.

Another interesting way for exhibiting the instantaneousness of the motion is this:—A wire connected at one end with the outside of the jar, is passed around the room, by fastening it against the wall, so that at last the other end returns near the table. At any remote part there may be a short interruption, across which the electricity will pass by a visible spark, at the precise instant in which the returning end of the wire is connected with the knob of the jar.

Some English philosophers tried the experiment on a still larger scale. They extended wires, supported by silken strings which they fastened to stakes set in the ground, several miles in length. The discharge was effected through these, and not the slightest difference between the entrance of the fluid at one end of the wire, and its return through the other could be perceived, though in the interval it must have passed six or eight miles. The motion of electricity may, however, be progressive—it may consume time,—and yet not be perceptible in so short a distance. Light requires time to pass across any space. This time is very perceptible in its crossing the earth's orbit, but in going ten miles, it would occupy only the two millionth part of a second—a period altogether imperceptible to man.

The following extracts from the Article on Electricity, contained in the English Library of Useful Knowledge, states some interesting particulars in relation to this part of our subject.

"By accurate experiments, it appears that the force of the electric shock is weakened; that is, its effects are diminished, by employing a conductor of great length for making the discharge. But it is difficult to assign a limit to the number of persons through which even a small charge of electricity may be sent, so that all shall experience the shock, or to the distance along which it may be conveyed by good conductors.

"At an early period of electrical inquiries, much interest was attached to the determination of these points. The Abbe Nollet passed an electrical shock from a small phial through a



Written for the *Cathart*.

## THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY HARRIAN F. GOULD.

Hundred and eighty of the French guards, in the presence of the King; and at the Carthusian convent in Paris, the monks were formed into a line above a mile in length, by means of iron wires held between them: on the discharge of the jar, the sensation was felt at the same moment by all the persons composing this vast circuit. Many experiments were made, both by the English and French electricians, with a view to ascertain the space which a discharge can be made to traverse, and the velocity with which it is transmitted. Of these, the most ingenious and satisfactory were the experiments planned and executed by Dr. Watson, with the assistance of the leading members of the Royal Society. A circuit was formed by a wire which extended the whole length of Westminster bridge, at a considerable height above the river. One end of this wire communicated with the outer casing of a charged phial or jar, the other being held by a person on the opposite side of the river, who formed a communication with the water by dipping into it an iron rod held by the other hand. The circuit was completed by another person who stood near the phial, and who likewise dipped an iron rod into the river with one hand, and was enabled by means of a wire held in the other, to effect a contact with the knob of the phial. Whenever the discharges took place, the shocks were felt by both persons; thus proving that the electric fluid must have been in motion along the whole line of the circuit, including both the wire above and the river below.

"In another experiment, made on Shooter's Hill, at a time when the ground was remarkably dry, the electricity was made to perform a circuit of four miles; being conducted for two miles along wires supported upon baked sticks, and for the remaining distance also of two miles, through the dry ground. As far as could be ascertained by the most careful observation, the time in which the discharge was transmitted along that immense circuit was perfectly instantaneous; nor has any other trial that has yet been made afforded the least approach to a measurement of the velocity with which electricity moves.

"On this subject, however, an important distinction should be made between the actual movement of each individual parcel of electric fluid, and the transmission of an impulse along a series of such particles, for the one may bear hardly any proportion to the other, just as we find that sound proceeds with a velocity incomparably greater than that of the particles of air which are concerned in its propagation. In like manner, the portion of blood which raises the artery at the wrist, where the pulse is felt, is not the identical portion of blood which is thrown from the heart by the contraction of that organ producing the pulsation; the impulse in all the cases being propagated like a wave, from one particle to another. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that the same particles of electric fluid, which enter at one part, have traversed from one end to the other of the whole line of conducting substances."

Nothing is so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity, as the application of a rough truth.—*Devereux*.

Dead? is he silent! and pale! and cold!  
Like common, unenvied clay?  
The golden bowl broken—and loosed the hold  
Of the silver cord? as a tale that is told  
Has his life past away.

Dead? is a period put to him,  
With the thousands that were forgot,  
Till the midnight lamp be waked to trim?  
Has that bright planet at length grown dim?  
Have we buried *Sir Walter Scott*?

Gone? has the great magician resigned  
The wand that he used at his will,  
To move the spring of the strongest mind,  
The deepest fount of the soul to find,  
And the world by its touch to thrill?

It broke the seal of the secret tomb!  
It opened the graves of men!  
And made their ashes the fire resume,  
It touched them with beauty and life and bloom,  
Till they breathed and they moved again.

It parted the sable waves that sweep  
Across oblivion's sea;  
It brought up to light from that darksome deep,  
The things that for ages it had to keep!  
And is he to go down? not he.

Time! what hast thou to do with one  
Who knew not a wasted hour;—  
Whose pen with the sands of thy glass could run,  
And show at each turning, a miracle done!—  
A work that defies thy power.

And bright is the lustre his hand has shed  
On a world that must claim him still;  
For tho' from our vision his form has fled!  
His mind is here! and we own not dead,  
What death is too weak to kill.

No! while the earth for the tale of woe  
Has a bosom to heave a sigh;  
An eye to beam, or a heart to glow  
At the debt of joy that to thee we owe,  
*Sir Walter*, thou canst not die.

Thou'lt yet give wings to the lonely hour,  
A spell to the still retreat;  
Thou'lt be the charm in the lady's bower,  
And life's rude path with many a flower  
Bestrew for the pilgrim's feet.

We give great spirit, most warm and free,  
Our thanks for so blest a lot,  
As marked our day upon earth with thee;  
And thousands, and thousands yet to be,  
Will honour the *shade of Scott*.

PERSIAN SUPERSTITIONS.—All household matters, journeys, &c. are dependent for their success on the days on which they are commenced. Thus we are told, linen, cotton, and earthen vessels should not be brought into the house on Sundays and Tuesdays; on Wednesdays, the lamps should not be lighted. Friday is proverbially an unlucky day; neither bread nor wood should be purchased, nor cloths and furniture washed on that day. It is unfortunate to visit the sick on Sundays and Tuesdays. Those who are in one place on Saturday night must be in the same place on the night of Sunday; and in this manner every person who passes Thursday night in one place, must pass Friday night there also.



Written for the Cooks.

QUEEN EASTER'S ROCK.

"They spoke not a word,  
But like dumb statues or breathless stones  
Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale."

KING RICHARD.

"See, see, what a treasure I have found in Aunt Matty's satchel," cried our little pet, Nell, holding up a small piece of reddish coloured stone, which her busy fingers had drawn forth from the remotest corner of a large velvet sack, to the no small disturbance of sundry broken pipes, balls of thread, and small bits of antiquated gowns, the last sad relics of Aunt Matty's former glory, and whose soiled and mutilated forms were in the habit of being treated with rather more ceremony, than the lawless young rascal had used in endeavoring to obtain the object of her present wonder—"You will tell us all about it," continued she teasingly, how Captain Symmes sent it to you all the way from the north pole, and how—My dear, my dear, interrupted the old lady, I'd put it right away back again where I found it, and be careful too, it's something I am pretty saving of, though I don't like to look at it much, 'tis a piece of *Queen Easter's Rock*.

She put a kind of low marked emphasis upon the last words, which made me raise my eyes to see what could be the important singularity in question. There was nothing remarkable in its appearance, to distinguish it from any other fragment of common rock; save that two or three dark glossy spots of the colour of blood, were discernible on its surface.

And pray, what may be the history of the marvellous thing, which you dignify with such a royal appellation, (I asked,) who is *Queen Easter*? I spoke pretty loud, as I usually do, and was surprised to find myself answered by a deep moan of distress, from Aunt Matty's insane companion, crazy Rose, as she was called, and one whom I had never seen give the least evidence of rational understanding. "Miserable creature," exclaimed Aunt Matty, in reply to my enquiring looks, "poor miserable creature, that she is, nothing has ever seemed to penetrate the midnight cloud, which has for more than forty years, hung over her once brilliant mind, save that name, that most detestable of names, *Queen Easter*; and God knows, she has reason enough to remember that."

The reader would perhaps like to know more of the history of the persons here introduced, and the relationship existing between them, than the above brief items have developed. And as I am always very quiescent in receiving favours from others, and (Franklin like) believe in the doctrine of reciprocity, I will very accommodately relate all the few particulars with which report had then made me acquainted, and the story appended may furnish the rest.

Matty Somers, or rather Matilda Somers as it is said she was christened, was my Father's eldest sister. And dearest, I might say too, for he always spoke of her in terms of the supremest affection. She had ever since my earliest

recollection, resided in the same old picturesque cottage, with slate coloured doors, yellow blinds, a long old-fashionable front stoop, with a splendid row of blue painted dove houses, suspended against the wall; and the whole, doves, doors and windows, sweetly shaded by thick clustering hops and mock oranges, with only an occasional opening for the sun.

Aunt Matty possessed one of the kindest hearts imaginable. But as I have heard that the like expression is frequently made by those young pertionless Misses, who are in hopes of receiving a small jointure on their marriage day, from some half-crazed maiden aunt by dint of flattery, I would just mention (in order to clear myself in the reader's eye, of the charge of selfishness) that my own dear Pa is quite a Girard in point of property, and should I make choice to suit him, which I calculate by all means to do, I shall be abundantly supplied with this world's good, without resorting to any measures to procure them, save that of being a very obedient child. And now that I have given this explanation, I can again look you boldly in the face, and say, with positive emphasis, that Aunt Matty was one of the kindest creatures living; she was extremely fond of children; which is said to be a very unusual thing with old maids, (though I always believed it to be a gross slander upon the good long faced sisterhood) and the affectionate caresses she used to lavish upon us, together with the fine creamed strawberries, and other little delicacies with which she used to treat us, made her smiling cottage a most delightful retreat for the little city cousins, as she very flatteringly denominated myself and sisters. It was stated that in early life, she had been possessed of uncommon intellectual powers, but the then distracted state of the country, forbade their improvement by systematic education; nor could these faculties have been much impaired by age, for she was acknowledged by all, to be an unusually intelligent old lady. The ever varying expression of her dark, and still lustrous eyes, spoke quick, and deep sensibility; and though her general manner was quiet and common place, there were yet some subjects, in dilating upon which she astonished the listener with a rich, and almost overpowering flow of eloquence; great was the contrast between her and the helpless idiotic being by her side, who sat from day to day, and from year to year, with her thin attenuated hands crossed mechanically upon her breast, and her dim inexpressive eyes, always fastened upon vacancy.

Though Aunt Matty generally evaded any questions relative to her charge, it was pretty well understood that Crazy Rose was related to her by an early marriage with her favorite brother, and that her insanity was caused by the dread trials through which she passed, at the time of the Wyoming massacre. Void as were the features of this unfortunate of anything like intelligence, there was still a something about them which riveted the eye of the beholder, and burdened the soul with a kind of indescribable sadness; her long and almost closed eye lashes, were always suffused with tears; though the unchanging muscles of the face, gave

no indication of any internal workings. In gazing upon her, one felt as if viewing the remains of what had once been a beautiful picture, which time had ret of all its glowing colours, not leaving even its immortality of expression.

Well, who may be, or may have been, this dreaded Queen Easter, I again enquired, (taking care, however, to speak the magic name in a whisper, lest the same unearthly sound should again greet my ear;) you have raised my curiosity to the highest pitch, and will surely gratify me? "My dear," replied the old lady, while an involuntary shudder ran over her features; "it is a long and a bloody story, it would wither the rose upon your cheek, and drive the warm blood in frozen icicles to your heart: no, let it pass, Juliet, let it pass untold." But they say I inherit my beloved Aunt's fortitude. "Why perhaps you may, though Heaven grant you may never have to exercise it in the way I have had to; oh! I see you are determined, and I shall have to give you the dreadful details, though it will be at the expense of many a heart-ache from both of us, I promise you."

"My Father had been for many years, a resident of the beautiful valley of Wyoming, now called Wilkesbarre. When he emigrated from Connecticut, he left myself and eldest brother in care of her uncle, with whom he was then engaged in trade, and whom he expected in a few months, to remove near to where he himself lived. A short time before the dreadful disasters which I am about to relate, took place, we visited Wyoming, and my brother purchased a small farm adjoining my father's; and on our return to Connecticut, married my sweet young orphan friend Rosette Wilmer; ah! how well did I love that fair friendless creature; Indeed she was just such a being as one would feel guilty in not loving; artless and amiable; possessing an uncommon share of beauty, without a particle of vanity; a soul, all generosity and devotion; and a voice, whose tones of kindness came forth like the notes of a silver bugle, over a calm lake; she was certainly an almost perfect being; and I think was never happier than when the priest pronounced her my brother Philip's wife; and no doubt, he would very willingly have acknowledged the same.

In a few days after the celebration of their nuptials, we bade adieu to our many puritanical friends, and started on horse-back for Wyoming.

'Tis true we had heard slight rumours of the disturbances among the Susquehanna settlements; but nothing for a certainty, and nothing at any rate sufficiently alarming to warrant a delay of our journey. Our route was a very circuitous one, making the distance perhaps double to what it now is. The road or rather path, was most of the way, extremely narrow, so that we could seldom ride abreast; and there were sometimes whole days, in which our eyes beheld nothing but the deep wilderness; varied however with an occasional opening or dingle, where the startled deer threw his shrill breath upon the wind, and was answered by the long disappointed whoop of the red hunter.

I must not here forget to mention a circum-

stance, which though slight in itself, has a direct reference to the after incidents of my narrative. I was always extremely fond of the wild picturesque; and this lonely tour, afforded me many opportunities for the indulgence of my besetting propensity. Often while my companions were busily engaged in laying plans for future happiness, did I linger behind to gaze down some dark unfathomable ravine, where the owl sat flapping his wings in eternal solitude, and mingling his hoarse shriek with the monotonous murmers of the subterranean stream. I had stopped one day as usual, at a spot where the roads were broken by a small hidden current of water, and a few logs thrown across, so that our horses with much care were able to pass. I stood some time, listening to the rushing voice of the unseen cataract, when I thought I could distinguish above the roaring of waters, a cry resembling the moan of an infant; it continued, and I rode forward and got my brother to come back, and descend the precipitous recess. He soon returned, bearing in his arms a little unearthly creature, with jet hair, staring black eyes, and skin of a shining copper. We were at no loss to discover that our prize was a young papoose, apparently three or four years old, who had probably been lost, and had fallen to the spot from whence he was taken, for there were many contusions upon his head, and we found upon further examination, that his left arm was broken; Philip fixed the bone to its place, and Rosette very humanely bound her fine handkerchief about the arm, while I fed him with cake from my basket, which he swallowed in right Indian style. But what should we do with him? our doubts were soon removed by a tall stern Indian, coming directly before us. At first he grasped his tomahawk; but after he saw what we had done for his child, he clapped his hands in token of great thankfulness, and flinging the little fellow over his shoulder, he ejaculated as he passed us, "white faces good, long bow, much friend, no forget good." We passed through many Indian villages, and observed that in Wapashening, Sheshsequin, and Wyox, the male part of the population were all absent, although we did not then know the reason. The women manifested a determined hostility towards us, many of them following and menacing us, with long glittering knives. These appearances were certainly ominous, and we greatly feared all was not right in the settlements below. It was nearly dark on the second evening of July, when we arrived at our place of destination. Instead of the cordial and happy welcome we had anticipated, we met nothing but looks of anxiety and hurried explanations about ap-proaching evils. My father's house was entirely deserted. And we learned from a neighbour who was accidentally passing, that my father had been many weeks with Washington, at Valley Forge; and that our mother terrified at the threatening aspect of war, had, with her family, removed to the Fort, across the river.

Thither then, we immediately bent our course, and were soon admitted within its fortified walls. This Fort had been built and defended some years before by forty of the settlers, and this cir-

circumstance gave it the name of *Forty Fort*. It had undergone recent reparation, and was very well fitted for the accommodation of several families. Many had already removed there with their principal effects. But some, supposing in case of an attack, that the force of the enemy would be there concentrated, and that their superior numbers would cause an immediate surrender; preferred the safety promised by their own dwellings. We found our dear mother weeping bitterly over the probable destiny of her little ones, who were clinging around her in tearful surprise, while my second brother George, was vainly endeavouring to inspire her with confidence in the issue of the perils which surrounded them. Mother, dear mother, cried Philip, advancing, while we followed silently along, will you not welcome your wanderers back? Sister Matty, aye, and I have brought you another daughter, who will love you as she, the wife of your Philip, mother. Oh! my children, my children, exclaimed she, rising and flinging her arms wildly around us; it will indeed sound cruel for a mother to say she is not glad to see the darlings of her bosom, but I do wish to heaven you had staid away; You have only come to swell the crimson tide, which will ere long deluge these devoted shores. "With God's leave, no," muttered Philip, while the flush of pride and conscious valour, mantled his high forehead, "with God's leave no; say that we have come to swell the shout of victory, which will soon thunder in the ears of the accursed Brandt and Butler, telling them that their bloody career is over; have courage dear mother, we have much to hope, sir"—He was interrupted by a cry of "to order" from a distant part of the Fort. The officers were holding council, to decide upon the most efficient measures to be adopted in their present straitened condition, and the gallant young Capt. Stewart had just risen to speak. He went through with a brief recapitulation of the former difficulties of the settlements, and then dwelt at more length upon the dangers with which they were now threatened, and the only means by which he thought they could be overcome.

John Butler with an army of about 800, consisting of British Tories and Indians, had taken possession of Fort Wintermoot, situated about a mile above the head of the Valley, and was continually annoying the inhabitants by plundering them of their property, and was now apparently making preparations for a general massacre. Expresses had been sent to Valley Forge nearly a month before, (while the invaders were quartered several miles up the river,) intreating the commander in chief, to permit the immediate return of Captain Somers, (my father) and his troops to their assistance. The time had long ago expired when reinforcements, if any had been despatched, would have arrived. The enemy's force was fast increasing, by numerous disaffected Indians pouring in from the East; the harvest was nearly ripe, when it would of course be destroyed by the savages, and should the helpless women and children escape the tomahawk, they would still be left without any means of subsistence. Thence it was argued

by a majority of the council, that an immediate battle should be hazarded, and the next day was fixed upon for its commencement. Many and sorrowful were the adieus exchanged in the Fort, on the morning of that fatal day, and the broken "God bless yous," came forth from hearts which seemed almost bursting with grief. Poor Rosette clung convulsively to Philip, when he came to take leave of us, and it was with much difficulty we prevented her from following him to the field. It was a mournful sight to behold that little band of brothers marching forth, as it were to their graves. And there was a solemnity too, in their steps, which (though it spoke courage and determination,) argued that their hope was one long deferred, and against all probability of success. The sun did not shine that day, and consequently, there was no gleaming of swords or flashing of bayonets, but the continued roar of musquetry, together with a cloud of smoke away to the north, pointed out to us the place of mortal combat. Colonel Denison anticipating the anxiety we should feel, had runners stationed between the Fort and battle ground, so that we could learn almost momentarily the progress of the contest. At first the coolness and determined bearing of the settlers, (although their numbers were not half those of the enemy,) seemed about gaining the mastery, but through the management of Brandt who commanded the Tories and Indians, a party of concealed savages rushed from their ambushes and surrounded our left division, while Butler doubled his right wing in order to diminish it to the exact distance of the scanty row of settlers, and thus, our whole line was thrown into the utmost confusion, and a most horrid slaughter commenced. It was with the greatest difficulty that Col's Z. Butler and Denison, escaped to tell us, that our brave friends were all either slain, or prisoners, to an enemy who knew as little of mercy as the Tigers of India. Consternation and dismay now reigned throughout the Fort, which was soon increased by the appearance of Butler and Brandt without, demanding an instant surrender. Articles of capitulation were quickly drawn up and signed by the two opposing officers, in which the garrison with its military stores, were to be given over to the victors, but the lives of its inmates were to be spared, except those who had been engaged in the battle, to such, no promise of safety was given. The gates were thrown open, and a scene of confusion began, which it would be impossible for me to describe. Shouts of triumph from the dark swarthy creatures, who came glaring fiercely upon us from every quarter, the shrieks of the terrified children, who clung wildly to their mothers for protection, and the bitter wailings of those bereaved mothers for their husbands and children, all mingled together sounded absolutely appalling. I scarce knew whether I were indeed dead or alive, till I found myself in a large boat in the act of crossing the river. My youngest sister Anne, a sweet little creature of only two years, stood with her tiny hands clasped tightly around my neck, and at my side, like some pale lifeless statue sat poor Rosette, gazing with a stare of unconsciousness, upon the long wake of the boat. But where was our he-

loved mother? The faces around me were all strange and unknown. Where could she be? The crowd must have separated us, and my heart sickened at the thoughts of the dangers to which she, and her three helpless little ones were exposed. We were soon across the river, but where next should we go? I had too little faith in Indian or Tory promises, to suppose that either the property or persons of the vanquished would be held sacred any longer than till the shades of night should give freer scope to plunder and outrage; unknown and unprotected, I could think of no place, where we could pass the night with even a hope of safety, except the woods, the dark and solemn woods.

With little Anne in my arms, and a few words of encouragement to Rosette, we struck into a foot-path leading east, and soon found ourselves standing amid the eternal shadows of the forest; sad and fatigued, we sat down upon a bed of soft green moss, with a dark rustling canopy of laurel above us. Poor Anne cried for her accustomed cup of milk, and I could only pacify her by promising some on the morrow. But the tears which I could not restrain, made the discouraged child call for the frequent renewal of a promise which I had in reality, but little hope of fulfilling. It was now near nightfall. The grey tresses of twilight streamed dimly through the clustering hemlocks, and heightened the sadness which clouded the features of my disconsolate companion.

"We shall have quiet rest to night, I observed, this downy moss will make such a sweet pillow, and we have such a rich dark curtain above us, and then we shall be so safe, away from that dreadful crowd."

"Yes, yes, but where, oh! where will Philip sleep; there is a dreadful feeling at my heart, Matty; think, think if he be fallen alive into their hands? were he dead at my feet, I could endure it, I could be composed; but alive and to suffer their tortures, oh! Matty, the very thought will suffocate me."

The flood gates of feeling so long confined, now gave way, and the poor girl wept aloud, in the bitterness of her soul. I could say nothing to soothe her, for it required a powerful effort to suppress the rebellious outbursts of my own overmastered heart; and I knew that every thing, perhaps our lives, might yet depend upon my own coolness and self-possession; all soon became quiet again; poor Rosette had ceased weeping; little Anne had forgotten all her childish cares in sleep; and I myself was just entering the territory of dreams, when I was startled, by the sound of half smothered voices. Hush! "hear you that," whispered Rosette? "Alas, my poor foolish grief has betrayed us; we shall be murdered and all for me." I tried all I could to calm her apprehensions. The whispering increased audibly in loudness, though it did not appear to me that the speakers were any nearer than at first, a large clump of birch trees rose directly before us, and I thought the sound came from behind that. They did not speak loud enough for me to learn the subject of their conversation, but I could distinguish their different intonations; and I thought if the human

voice was a criterion, by which to judge the heart, there was at least one villain among them. Rosette grasped my arm, "as I live" exclaimed she, (while a gleam of joy shot across her pale features) "as I live, that voice is Marcus Wilmer's, my cousin Marcus, oh! we shall have a protector now, and who knows but he can tell us something of our dear, dear"—but, I interrupted, is he not the one who sought your love Rosette, and whom you rejected? "And what of that, he is the son of my father's own brother, and"—But dare you trust him? you know many have turned Tories. "Matty" she replied reproachfully, "I thought you were too well acquainted with the noble blood of the Wilmers, to suppose it tainted with Toryism, but he shall answer you this charge: Marcus, Marcus Wilmer," she shouted at the top of her feeble voice. Three darkly painted savages came immediately before us. Ha! cried the foremost, my pretty Rosette, "my sweet cousin Wilmer?" yes Wilmer, for you have not married that accursed scoundrel, as they said. I could not brook this; She has the honour, sir, I replied, to be the wife of my brother, Philip Somers; and those who audaciously call him scoundrel, would do well, perhaps, to recollect that none better deserve that appellation, than such as (under the show of savage colours) act a part which the meanest of that class would scorn. Ah! a fine sprig of chivalry, we have got here, say, hark ye my Madam Quixotte, will ye take a verbal challenge, or must I employ a secretary? Here you, ye-chaw. But mayhap she would like her brother for a second, aye her brother, if he be indeed possessed of the hand which I once begged for on my knees, and be alive, and within an hundred miles, she shall see him, yea and he shall die, he shall die Rosette, and I will see if witnessing his death will soften the heart which my tears have failed to move. Come ladies, you have confidently selected me for a protector, and have a right to the hospitality of my dwelling. The taunting wretch very familiarly took the arm of the almost fainting Rosette, and as resistance was vain, I was obliged to follow along between the other two. I now lamented my rashness in disclosing Rosette's marriage, but repentance came too late, and I felt that our prospects were indeed wretched. We were not permitted to pause again till we had reached the summit of a long range of hills, overlooking the little village of Wilkesbarre, and then what a magnificent scene was spread out before us. The faithless enemy had set fire to that devoted town, and there was sufficient wind to connect the red flames in one long unbroken chain, showing the exact length of the village. The intemperance of the light made objects (which from the distance we might not have been able to see at all in the day-time,) distinctly visible, and I could see women and children running from house to house, in the greatest apparent confusion. Our dark companions seemed in an ecstasy at the sight, and the hill was in a few moments literally swarming with Indians, assembled to witness the work of destruction. Their long protracted whoops mingled with the oft repeated names of Brandt and Butler, pealed in startling echoes along the mountain's caverned recesses, and it

seemed as if Asrael were winding his first fearful blast, to waken the slumbering ones of the earth. In a short time however, the wild column of flame settled down to small flickering lights, like bonfires, and the dense waves of smoke rolled off to mingle their dusky folds with the clouds of the west. "Our sport is all over now," exclaimed our long leader, "and with your leave ladies, we will resume our walk." He continued his ironical attentions to Rosette, though she appeared to shrink from him, with a kind of instinctive horror. An hour's walk brought us within sight of an Indian encampment. A large pile of mouldering logs was surrounded by some fifteen or twenty Indians, who received Wilmer with much apparent joy, and with whom he seemed to be a great favourite. Three or four wigwags stood away to the right, and in the corner of one, with a mat of sweet fern for a bed, was pointed out our place of rest. Little Anne slept soundly, with her head in my lap, and poor Rosette too, after offering a fervent prayer to Heaven for our protection through the night, once more revelled amid the visions of happier days. My own harassed imagination alone, seemed alive to the realities of our situation. Sleep did not visit my eyelids that night, and my distempered fancy conjured up horrors upon horrors, till I felt as I sometimes have, when labouring under the suffocating effects of the nightmare. Dread gigantic forms, with dark features, and sad gleaming eyes stood around me, long glittering knives with bloody hilts hung over my head. I could see the lifeless features of my dear sisters scarred with the tomahawk, and the cold sweat fell from my forehead till it seemed as if I were actually turning to a pillar of ice. The sun shone clear and warm through the openings of our cabin the next morning, and my fatigued companions had not yet awoken. There was a slight bustle at the door, and the stern voice of Wilmer called to us immediately to rise, we obeyed, and were placed with our hands tied, in the centre of dozen squaws and Indians, whose countenances expressed the pleasure of some anticipated event; at about a quarter of a mile from where we started we were ordered to stop. The place was a small hollow, surrounded except on one side, with a gentle bank covered with tall slender pines, and in the centre was a huge brown rock, whose sides were coated with yellow moss, and on whose top lay a large glittering tomahawk. Oh! Heavens thought I, and is this the altar of sacrifice, and are we to be the victims? The thought had scarcely entered my mind, when my attention was arrested by a wild thrilling shout, which pealed along the ravine leading into the hollow on the south, and which was immediately answered by a corresponding sound from nearly fifty of the savage tribe, who had begun to form themselves into a ring around the grassy enclosure. A double file of gorgeously tattooed Indians, were soon discovered coming along the ravine, with twelve or fifteen white prisoners led between them, whom they placed in a sitting posture within the circle of savages, with a couple of stout Indians standing at the shoulders of each. There were no cowardly quailings, no vain womanly fears to be seen in the

faces of those brave soldiers, although some of them appeared to be young, very young. They looked like men who had anchored their hopes in heaven, and who were prepared to meet death without flinching. I recognized two or three distinguished officers, whom I had seen marching forth with high hopes, the day before, to battle; and at last as my eye ran along to the last of the doomed number; think, oh! think Juliet, of the deadly pang which seized my chilled heart, to meet the mournful gaze of my beloved brother Philip. The villainous cold blooded Wilmer, stood triumphantly beside him, and directed an occasional glance of revengeful joy towards poor Rosette. But she did not see him, anticipating some dreadful catastrophe, she had covered her face with her hands, and prayed to heaven she might not look up, for I knew that a knowledge of Philip's situation would distract her. "Queen Easter, Queen Easter," presently burst from the lips of all, and a tall painted squaw strode within the circle and sprang at one bound upon the centre of the rock. Her form is still strongly painted in my memory, but I know that I cannot half describe it. A large crimson-fringed blanket was fastened about her tawny neck, with a kind of loop, and confined again at the waist with a belt of various coloured wampum, and from thence descended a short slip of blue stuff decorated at the bottom with large scarlet patches. Her coarse jet hair almost trailed on the ground, and her wrinkled forehead was girt about with the skin of the yellow rattle snake, which looked as if recently torn from the body of its owner, to garnish a still more loathsome form; her face I will say nothing about, it was too odiously terrific to admit of a description, it seemed to me a very camera obscura of distorted ugliness. She immediately (upon gaining her conspicuous station) seized the heavy tomahawk, and began dancing a kind of Indian whirligig. She commenced by flourishing her formidable weapon aloft in the air, and shrieking and called upon the name of Coshmo, (whom I afterwards learned was her son, slain the day before in battle,) till the white froth fell in bubbles from her frenzied lips. Then there was a sudden and deathlike pause, and the next instant the hatchet descended upon the naked rock with a force, that fairly shook the solid ground beneath it, and scattered fragments of the splintered stone in every direction. One piece (the same which roused little Bell's curiosity,) entered the sleeve of my dress, and hung there, while the blood dripped from its ragged corners upon my hand. This maddening ceremony over, Queen Easter descended, and then came the reality. She, she—but I cannot—oh!—I cannot describe that most horrid transaction, but I saw it all, all. I tried to close my eyes, but their lids were literally frozen back, and every thing seemed magnified to a frightful distinctness; an agonizing shriek and a prostrate form at my side, told me that Rosette too, had witnessed the slaughter of some of those resistless victims. Alas! merciful heavens, would that that dread scene might be forever blotted from my memory. Miraculous as it may appear, Philip absolutely broke from those who held him and effected an escape. A

loud hae and cry warned me of their intention to pursue, and I saw Wilmer was foremost in the bloody chase. We were now ordered back to the wigwam, and Rosette being still in a swoon, they were obliged to carry her. "The daughter of the pale face no sleep to night," whispered a half familiar voice in my ear as we entered the cabin. Long Bow remember, Long Bow save. I immediately recognized the hunter, whose child we had found in our journey. The kindness with which these few words were spoken, quite affected me, and for the first time since our confinement, I enjoyed the luxury of tears. Night came. Little Anne had fallen into a quiet slumber, and Rosette sat upright beside me; she had not spoken the whole day, her eyes were dull and inexpressive, and I could not help fearing that the terrors of the morning had disordered her mind. All had become perfectly still about the encampment, when the dark form of the hunter stole stealthily through the cabin door. He carefully severed the cords with which we were bound, and motioning extreme caution, bade us follow. I hugged my little sleeping sister closely to my bosom, and grasping Rosette's arm, we were soon beyond the reach of immediate danger. At the base of a small hill, our guide removed a handful of brush wood from the mouth of a narrow cave, and bade us enter, nor for our lives to attempt coming out, without his permission. In a few hours he returned, and gave me the chilling information of my brother's recapture. He called me out of the cave, and putting a hatchet in my hand asked me if I loved my brother? I immediately comprehended his meaning and assuming his own peculiar style, I replied "does the wigwam of the red hunter hold a daughter? and has that daughter a brother?" "Yes, there is light in the cabin of Long Bow, for the red Fawn is there, like a bright star, her step is like the spring of the wild cat, and she fears not to speak with the tomahawk. But the heart of the white girl is pale, she trembles at the sight of blood, and the hatchet would fall from her hand." "Oh! but the love of the white girl is strong, she has great love for her friends, she could do all things for her brother." He said no more, but proceeding noiselessly along the beaten path, we were soon in sight of the lodge. A few steps aside from the circle of dusky sleepers, sat my poor brother, strongly bound to a fine sapling, and by his side (as the faint rays of the moon discovered) his inveterate foe Wilmer, and another equally athletic figure apparently in a sound sleep. I saw that Philip was awake, but did not stir. The red hunter carefully cut the band which bound the prisoner to the tree, and bidding me strike the Indian while he despatched the Tory, he raised his arm. Now was the trying moment, the moment of deep and deadly peril, for a single struggle or groan might betray us, and then would ensue the long routine of inquisitorial torture, and should we succeed, the life of a human being, the blood of a fellow creature would be upon my head; my breath almost ceased at the thought. But then the life of a brother, a dear, dear brother was at stake, and could I hesitate? I felt my arm descending with power, but my senses fled, and I knew no more till I found myself in the cave with

my brother hanging in speechless anxiety over me. Thank God she lives! exclaimed he, and once more opened my eyes upon the light of day. The sun shone dimly through the uncertain vistas of our retreat, and I felt when I looked upon the pale haggard features around me, as if I had awaked in the land of spirits. Little Anne seemed overjoyed to hear me speak again. But poor sister Rosette did not appear to notice the least thing, and her pulse indicated a high fever.

Philip had promised our deliverer that he would not attempt to leave the cave in two days, without his special advice, as there was no doubt but that the woods would be scoured in every direction to discover us. And so they were, as the sound of footsteps and busy voices declared to us. We heard them around us venting their angry threats, in words which made me faintly gasp for breath. Some one enquired if there was no cave in which they could be secreted? "At the big run," answered a quick voice, which I knew to be the red hunter's. Some seemed turning away at this information, when "a trail, a trail," from the same friendly voice, withdrew them altogether from our covert, and we once more ventured to breathe. All that day and night we dared not hazard even a whisper, so great was our fear of discovery, and we knew that scarce a stone would remain unturned, in the untiring search. Our situation on the second day, became distressing in the extreme. We had nothing to eat, and poor Anne had become so weak for the want of nourishment, that she could scarcely raise her head from my arms. My unfortunate sister in law, grew rapidly worse. She raved deliriously of Philip and Queen Easter, and alas! we could not help her, we had not even a glass of water with which to moisten her parched lips. "Thou wilt die here, my poor Rosette," murmured Philip, while he imprinted a kiss upon her burning temples. "thou wilt die, my sweet one, and I shall, oh! no! I shall not live long, but I shall witness thy last struggle, and life's strange principle will still for a while be within me. Had I but left thee amid the beautiful Vallies of the East, with thy young heart's dear associates, Rosette.—Oh! I have placed my trembling dove in the heart of a vulture—Matty, Matty, he continued in a low sepulchral tone, I am very fearful, she breathes hard, do, do see if she is not worse." She was indeed, her respiration grew short and difficult, and I lost not a moment in removing the rubbish from the cave's entrance, and getting my expiring friend to the open air. I thought not of risk, I thought only of the horrors of death in our confined prison house. Oh! how bright and glorious appeared once more the prospect of the soft blue skies, and richly clothed wood lands. The air of the forest in summer is always cool and balmy, but it seemed doubly luxuriant then, and had our situation been any other than it was, I thought I could have exclaimed with Willis that "existence was a blessing." It was beginning to be sunset, and the deep yellow rays fell idly upon the grey moss where we had laid the almost inanimate Rosette. The stirring air and the warm sunshine seemed to arouse her dormant faculties, for she partly opened her heavy eyes, and moved her lips with a faint smile, "Oh! Matty!"



she sighed almost unaudibly, "let us go, they will murder us here! They have no hearts, Wilmer, Wilmer, oh! it is not my cousin Wilmer, he was no fiend, no vampire draining heart's blood. Spectre, thou art not Marcus, away away, thine mine (she continued fixing her glassy eyes full upon me) do you see? A pagan invoking his deities, wretch, thy God's name is Queen Easter! Thy axe is sharp, and there, thou hast warm blood upon it, large purple drops, and thou wilt stain the face of my Philip, death death," and she clapped her hands over her eyes, as if to avoid the dreadful sight. My wretched brother vented the agony of his soul in tears, and I could not help doing the same.

"Is that the wind?" asked Philip; I listened; it was a low rumbling sound like the distant voice of the storm-spirit, but it grew nearer and I thought it was a wagon: could it be, were we near any road? the bare possibility of escape from our fast accumulating miseries inspired me with new life. My pale brother was so weak from loss of blood, that he could scarcely stand, so it remained for me to ascertain the foundation of our new life. I started and hurried on in the direction indicated by the sound—a large wagon now came in sight, loaded not with odious savages, but, with dear beautiful white people. The driver saw me and stopped the horses, for I could not speak, so wildly did my head flutter with expectation, "What ails thee child?" exclaimed a kind voice, and oh! that voice, Juliet—it was, it was my own dear father's.

Hearing of the fatal termination of the war at Wapping, he had left the troops at Strandeborg, and hastened to learn the fate of his family, and now he had found them all except my brother George, who was slain in battle. My excellent mother wept tears of joy over her lost and found, and little Susan fairly danced in an ecstasy of bliss. A short journey brought us to the place where my father commenced a settlement. It was the very spot, Juliet, on which your own Pa now lives; but troubles still attended us, for four long weeks were we obliged to watch by the sick bed of poor Rosette. At the end of that time the physician pronounced her convalescent, but alas! alas! she was no longer the beautiful, the intelligent Rose Wilmer of other days. The lustre of the bright eye had departed forever, and the stare of vacant idleness sat in the place of an expression which was wont to entrance every beholder. My brother, my wretched, my distracted brother, could not bear this blighting of his soul's fondest hopes. He was broken hearted; a few short months saw the silver cord parted; and the solemn words, "dust to dust," were spoken over our beloved Philip's grave. The wife of my painted brother has been ever since that time, what you see her now, an unconscious fragment of that history, which I alone live to rehearse.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect; compared with which, reproach, hatred, and opposition are names of happiness; yet this worst, this meanest fate, every one who dares to write has reason to fear.

## FIELD FLOWERS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,

Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you.

For ye wait me to summers of old.

When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,

And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,

Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams,

Of the blue highland mountains and echoing streams,

And of broken glades breathing their balm.

While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,

And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,

Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune,

Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:

Of old ruinous castles ye tell,

Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,

When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,

And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes,

What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,

Can the wild water lily restore:

What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,

And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,

In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart you were dear,

Ere the fervour of passion, or ague of fear,

Had scathed my existence's bloom:

Once I welcome you more, in love's passionless stage,

With the visions of youth to revisit my age,

And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

## THE PALMER'S HYMN.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of the "Etrick Shepherd." They are designed to represent the morning prayer of a maniac who voluntarily became an outcast of the desert.

Landed be thy name forever,  
Thou of life the guard and giver,  
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,  
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.

\* \* \* \* \*

God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the rainbow and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock and river,  
Blessed be thy name forever.  
I have seen thy wondrous might,  
Through the shadows of the night,  
Thou who slumb'rest not nor sleepest,  
Blest art they thou kindly keep'st.

\* \* \* \* \*

God of evening's yellow ray,  
God of yonder dawning day,  
That rises from the distant sea,  
Like breathings of eternity,  
Thine the flaming spheres of light,  
Thine the darkness of the night,  
Thine are all the gems of even,  
God of Angels! God of heaven;  
Obed of life that fade shall never!  
Glory to thy name forever!



Written for the Casket.

## THE LUNATIC, A PRIZE TALE.

"Elle étoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses;  
 "Ont le pire destin;  
 "Et rose elle a vécu ce que vit une rose,—  
 "L'espace d'un matin."

MALHERBE.

Twenty-one years have now been added to "those beyond the flood, since the burning of the theatre in my native town of Richmond. Two years after that awful tragedy, I was in Philadelphia; one evening, I found myself by chance near the Lunatic Hospital, and impelled by one of those sudden and mysterious impulses which hurry us whither they will in spite of ourselves, I sought entrance within those sad precincts, whose sovereign, insanity, surrenders her empire only to Death. 'Tis not my purpose to dwell on the general aspect and inmates of the place; the gloomy horrors which marked some cases—the melancholy and appealing interest attendant on other patients—all were deadened and disappeared before the powerful impression produced by one engrossing object. Passing by a glass-door, situated at the remote end of a long passage, and partially shaded by a green silk curtain, I was all at once arrested by a strain of music so soft, so sweet, and ethereal, that, in the enchantment of the moment I could have

"Deemed that spirit from on high,  
 "Round where some hermit saint was laid,  
 "Were breathing heavenly melody."

I held my breath to listen, and recognized the notes of a piano on which a hand as masterly as Scarlatti's, performed in unison with a celestial voice an air belonging to the vesper service of the *Romish* church. The gentleman, who politely showed me through the establishment, stood at my elbow, and motioned me to silence, as cautiously approaching on tip-toe, I took note through the panes, that were left unopened, of the hapless minstrel, whose surpassing excellence thus exercised in triumph over madness. I saw before me a perfect personification of rapt and reverential devotion in the figure of a man, young, tall and thin, but of proportions as matchless as those of 'the Sun in human limbs arrayed;' the face was turned from us as he bent over the instrument, whose full and solemn chords rolled in sublime harmony from beneath his touch; but the exquisite head thrown back in such ecstasy of upward gaze—the swaying form loosely wrapped in dark flowing vestments, and dilated beyond the ordinary size of life by the intensity of fervent feeling,—the impassioned tones of the pious chaunt each expressed, and attested the very depth of religious abstraction as exalted and sincere as that of St. Augustine or a Pascal. At length the holy hymn was at an end; symphonious blending of song and accompaniment died away; the performer ceased, and memory began in me to dissolve the spell of imagination. There was something in the action, the voice, the person of the gifted but unhappy sufferer before me, familiar and yet strange, as the wild perplexities of a troubled dream. He had dropped his folded arms on the piano, and sat with his head resting

on them so as to hide his face completely from my view; but my eyes, as they glanced for a moment from him around his prison, encountered fresh memorials to aid an uncertain recollection of its interesting tenant. The apartment was of small dimensions, but fitted up with the nicest regard to comfort; and the many fanciful decorations pendant on the walls and scattered throughout, indicated an elegant rather than a disordered mind. One compartment, covered with the rarest butterflies in fine preservation, gave token of a taste for that branch of natural history; another was hung with a series of little maps superbly colored; an old cremona violin lay in its upper case on a table beside the piano forte, and a window seat was occupied by an *Eolian* harp, on which the winds of heaven, as they came loaded with fragrance from the beds of a flower-garden beneath, "discoursed most excellent music." A profusion of exotics, evidently tended by a careful hand, perfumed the chamber, one side of which exhibited on a small altar standing in a recess the sacred emblems of his picturesque faith—a crucifix delicately carved in ivory and ebony, the chalice of holy water, a missal in splendid bindings, and several choice paintings of female saints.

"That knelt in pictured prayer,"

but my attention was chiefly drawn to an antique cabinet wherein were displayed various landscapes in miniature of the liveliest tints, and executed with the ingenuity of a practised mechanician. One in particular enlivened by a mill in full motion, struck me as a transcript of one of the most beautiful scenes near Richmond; but my observation was quickly attracted from it to the movements of its accomplished and unfortunate artist. As the breeze moved the responsive strings of the lyre near him, the sound started him from his recumbent posture; he rose—and advanced, but with his back still towards us, to the window: there he stood in an attitude of negligent grace, while the bright rays of the setting sun, shooting suddenly from under a gorgeous cloud, fell through the casement—and gleaming on the chestnut curls, that clustered in rich luxuriance over his brow, crowned him with a glory like that playing in old pictures about a canonized head. At last he spoke—and in accents that fell on my ear like the echo of some faint and half forgotten song, poured forth as if in converse with an imaginary being, a torrent of fond and passionate words. After a while dissuasion succeeded protestations, and we could hear him through the door, which I had ventured to unclose a little way—murmur out, "Then you will go Sophie; you don't love me well enough to give up one play for my sake. Consider it the first I have asked you to forego, while I resign all for the luxury of being near you; of gazing on you. See you, star just rising bright, so pure, the dewy type of thy beauty and thy destiny; last night, while all slept save my love, I watched it in pride and joy as the lustre regent of thy fate appeared to smile down upon me: at once a cloud as black as death, as swift as thought, interposed between me and the star I worship; it vanished from my sight—that one alone of all the starry scroll, was blotted

out—and the darkness of the grave usurped the reign of its reign. Say, Sophie, sweetest, what may this portend," then stopped as if basking for a reply; then went on with the most impressive gestures. "Then, dearest, since you must go, smile once more on me and I'll think it but the chaos of a brain that doats to madness, adieu! adieu! I must not linger thus, yet, Sophie, stay; give me that rose that imparts thy hair, and if to-morrow is peace and brightness on us, I'll bring it back and replace it midst those tresses." Another pause—"Sophie, one moment more; look at thy lovely orb; how propitious now her light! so may she shine on my vigil and be the mirror to foreshow thy fair and favouring fortunes. But if aught dark or disastrous again dim her ray, call me not visionary; chide not my trespass, if I come even at midnight to thee to learn the worst! Sophie, you will go; my heart forbodes an awful crisis in our loves. Sophie! what if we never meet again? you frown upon me. Good night; good night! Forever!" was repeated in the low tones of tenderest emotion. He turned from the window, carefully insubmerging a white rose in his bosom; and as the last beam of day fell on features like those which Janey ascribes to Adonis or Joseph, I identified with a most painful thrill of surprise and horror an early companion, noted as the "admirable Crichton" of the circles in which we had known each other. I had last seen him in the full energy of health and reason; I now beheld him a confirmed but generally harmless lunatic: he had been brought to the mad-house by that dreadful catastrophe alluded to in my first lines.

Augustus, or (as we Americans called him) Augustus Pelisson, the son of an emigrant from Strasbourg, in much esteem at Richmond as an eminent music master and respectable man—was looked on and cherished from his cradle as a prodigy of talent and beauty. In person as well as in mind he combined the peculiarities of two nations—the fine, versatile and ardent genius of the Italian (his mother being one) with the morbid sensibility, and addiction to mysticism and abstruse study, characteristic of the German blood. The refinement of taste and exceptional warmth of temperament, denoting his affinity to the classic natives of the "sunny south," shone in strong and pleasing contrast with a poetical turn of imagination and fund of sterling integrity and worth, which proved him the son of his Fatherland: the like harmonious mixture of properties in his bodily presence, rendered him a most superior specimen of manly comeliness, with an aptitude to all arts and sciences, alike proper to his descent on both sides, early displayed itself as the master passion of his soul, and was pursued with an assiduity and success which made him, while yet a child, renowned throughout the state as a miracle of skill both on the piano and violin. His father who foresaw in him the musical lion of the age, reared him to his own vocation, though with infinite difficulty; for Augustus, proud as he was pre-eminent, recoiled from the drudgery of elementary tuition, and was only reconciled to the arrangement which charged him with the superintendence of practising, by the lively

greetings, and cordial glances with which the ladies always smiled on his approach. Full of that romantic gallantry, which defies the sex, he could not be insensible to those involuntary courtesies which so gracefully acknowledged the supremacy of a dazzling appearance over the casual distinctions of rank and fortune; and the young Pelisson, as polite as he was handsome, was admitted on a familiar footing into the first houses in the town. But though feasted and admired there as much as Rosini in London, he became not enslaved by any one of his fair entertainers; the heart of the elegant musician, formed to feel that excess of passionate attachment, immortalized by Petrarch and Rousseau, already beat with love strong as death, for one not as transcendent but as comely as himself.

Among the friends of the Pelisson family, there was a French refugee from San Domingo by the name of Vernier, with his wife and three daughters. To the second of these, just bursting into womanhood, was rendered by all who saw her, that spontaneous homage with which mortality might bow before a celestial visitant; for seldom or never was daughter of our earthly sphere so fraught with all that bespeaks an origin from on high—as fair, as gentle, and as simple as Eve in her first dignity of innocence, was Sophie Vernier. There was nothing of the Juno, or the Venus about her—nothing brilliant or commanding to sparkle or impose; and the charm of that heavenly face, perfect as it was in contour, colouring and feature,—yet lay in its transparent reflection of such inward sanctity and singleness of heart as carried back the mind to the image of our common mother walking in the freshness of virgin beauty amid the shades of Eden. Thrown often together, though under those restraints which among the French always guard the intercourse between young men and maidens, there was nothing so natural as for Sophie and Augustus to reciprocate

"The charming agonies of love  
"Whose misery delights."

He felt the passion in such guise as Byron's burning pen has shadowed forth in his immortal "Dream;" in her 'twas a sentiment chaste, soft and constant as herself. Long, timid and silent was the probation of the lovers; for Sophie trembled to analyze the tumultuous tremor of nerve and heart beneath which she was ready to sink in the presence of Pelisson, who on his part "owned by a thousand tender fears," misinterpreted her shyness, that surest mark of woman's love, as men are ever wont to do. At length one summer evening, when all was brightness balm and silence, accident threw them together in her father's little garden: Sophie immersed in a soft reverie, stood amid a bower of yellow jessamine that ornamented the centre; languid from heat and overpowered by the rich perfume around her, she plucked the flowers leaf by leaf, and blew them carelessly away with her breath; through the trellis of the fragrant screen, she saw him, who, at that moment employed her thoughts, sauntering slowly up the walk, with something in his hand which he passionately kissed over and over again. The bosom of the lovely girl panted so violently and as he drew

near, that she remained rivetted to the spot, pursuing her childish sport with redoubled industry. Pelisson entered the arbour,—and on seeing her, started back in so much confusion that what he held dropped on the ground at Sophie's feet. Scarce knowing what she did, the agitated maiden stooped to pick it up, and in the object of carcases so tender and repeated beheld her own beauteous resemblance. One deep blush, "celestial, rosy red," that ever spread face, neck and hands, even to her fingers' ends—one glance softly lightening from those large dewy, starlit eyes, as they were just raised from the picture to his and instantly withdrawn, and the whole secret was revealed, without a word on either side; in the rapturous triumph into which he was thrown by this mute and precious avowal, Augustus caught her to his breast, and held her there in speechless ecstasy, while impressing on her innocent lips

"A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

From that hour the hearts of the lovers were laid open to each other. But they rarely met alone—and neither thought of seeking solace by clandestine interview or written correspondence. Sophie would have shrunk from such a step as from sacrilege; and Augustus loved her too truly and honorably to dream of purchasing his own gratification by leading her into disobedience or impropriety. They were content to enjoy the few delicious moments, with which chance sometimes befriended them,—to look forward to their union as the epoch, whose advent was as sure as it was blissful,—and meanwhile sacredly to perform all that filial respect and decorous observance required of them. Both were aware that the opposition of their parents would be likely to impede their wishes, for a time; but when they were together, all difficulties would vanish before the amorous eloquence, with which the ambitious youth detailed his visions of professional distinction abroad, and Sophie's confidence in her powers of persuasion at home. Despite the natural violence of Pelisson's passions, and his strong tendency to jealousy, so implicit was his faith in Sophie's affection, and in Sophie's truth, that he was comparatively free from the various pangs attendant on the most prosperous love-suited. But one cloud ever gathered to darken their clear horizon, and that the fair creature whom it threatened was apt to treat as the fantasm of a fond imagination. To the devotional turn of his maternal country, Augustus added the true German gusto for astrology, and all difficult and superstitious love. To these "demi-sciences," he applied himself incessantly after his engagement with Mlle. Vernier; and from planetary configuration and sympathetic coincidence—from the portents of celestial signs, and terrestrial phenomena, and of those dreams wherein he beheld the mystic and umbrations of futurity,—he drew omens and predictions of fair or dubious import, and disquieted or delighted himself, and not unfrequently her—as the result of his calculations seemed adverse or auspicious. Sophie was little given to these vain superstitions; the simple piety of her nature and the joyous heedlessness of youth, prompted her to enjoy the present good without anticipation of the ill which might come with

the morrow; but little by little she became somewhat infected, with the anxieties and researches of the star-gazing lover,—and listened to his prophetic fancies, and mysterious sublimity jargon with alternate fear, and incredulity. One clear, large star, which his sidereal admiration indicated as the emblem and arbiter of Sophie's destiny, was watched, and waited on by the fond devotion of Augustus with more than chaldean belief and perseverance; still its pure and tremulous light beamed steadily, benignant, and many a fervent benison blessed the bright presage, as it pursued its appointed path along the blue, ethereal sky,—the symbol of a lot—not splendid, but serene as the mild virtues of the angelic vision to whose service the romantic astrologer had sworn himself. But even this auspicious promise failed to satisfy a mind awayed by the endless imaginings of a melancholy and enamoured fancy—or rather the national appetite for the obscure, and marvellous, "grew with what it fed on," till all other propensities, and well nigh all other feelings were absorbed and forgotten in the eagerness wherewith he delivered himself up to the bewildering illusions of his idle and unprofitable studies. Summer was gone; the mellow glow of autumnal pomp faded away from the lovely scenery, which, dispersed about the environs of Virginia's metropolis makes her the sylvan rival of the renowned English Richmond; and each season left the lovers growing gradually less gay, but Pelisson's restless prying into futurity, came in aid of a constitutional gloom and potency of imagination; and their mutual re-action was fearfully increased by other causes. Augustus felt sick at heart from many disappointments; him impetuous adoration of Sophie could ill brook the tedium of indefinite delay; and the irritable impatience with which he began to contemplate the long period inevitably intervening between his departure for Europe, and the attainment of such independence as might justify the lover in putting on the husband, led him, at times, to doubt and deny the possibility of ever arriving at that rapturous consummation. Besides the busy and festive season had set in with winter. The State Legislature was in session, within the walls of the Capitol—balls and parties rife in the fashionable world; the city swarming with gay and wealthy strangers, and all going "merry as a marriage-bell;" the theatre too, that neutral and favourable haunt of all classes, was open, and graced nightly with full and applauding houses. Old Vernier loved dramatic entertainments with more than a Frenchman's passion; so did the whole family, from the aged and still handsome grand-mother, whose words were revered as sacred oracles, down to the sprightly, little Cecile, the pet and play-thing of the happy household: the play was therefore the regular *fiatle* of each evening, to the great discomposure of the sensitive Augustus, who, though he loved to see his fair queen and the Ressen partaking of all diversions proper to youth, and innocence; loved not to have her rare and retiring charms so continually exposed to public admiration. Her father was intimate with all actors of celebrity,—the Coopers, the Greens, and Twaites of that day; their most animated civili-

ties, and elegant hyperbole of compliment were of course lavished at the feet of the exquisite daughter; and though the delicate lover well knew that Sophie shrunk from their expressive gallantries and witty flatteries in dismay and displeasure equal to his own, still the sight, the bare idea of her being thus beset, gave him so much pain that after a while he ceased to make one of the lively group, from which he never sought however to detach Mlle. Vernier. Under such disturbance of feeling, 'twas in vain that he had recourse to the occupations, that in other days, had pleasantly beguiled his leisure; painting, mechanics, reading, even music, once the master spell of his nature, had lost all power to dissipate or allay his troubled thoughts. Only in the abstract depths of astrology, — in the vague reconciliations, and laborious uncertainties of horoscope, divination by every sign, immaterial influences, and all the exciting horrors of German mystification, could his unquiet spirit find congenial fascination, and short respite from the image of his beloved, conspicuous amid the gay and promiscuous assemblage, into which she was nightly thrown, as a pure and spotless lily, standing in majesty in a parterre of gaudy bollyhocks. It was about this time that I obtained the fortune of an introduction to the surpassing being, in whom shone such gentleness and beauty as instantly transported my fancy to the interesting festival of Soency, and the floral crown there awarded to the fairest and most virtuous maiden. In truth she wore, at that moment, a wreath of white roses woven into those locks which, in length and richness, might have vied with Leila's "hyacinthine flow," by the hand of the romantic adorer, who forcibly evoked her as his "Queen of the Rose."

Separated in a manner from Sophie's society; the time of his foreign voyage near at hand; suffering under the corrosions of fastidious sentiment and a foretaste of the tortures of interminable absence, — it is not wonderful that the hue of Pelisson's rousings darkened hourly. He began, in his distrust of every thing about him, to conceit that the star of his birth was retrograde; that though the radiant hieroglyphic of Sophie and fate yet kept its kindly aspect, there was some malign and countenancing ascendant among the superior heavenly bodies, menacing their final happiness. Once impressed with this ominous notion, he bent like other philosophers, each fact to fit his theory — till the chain of appalling prognosticks was almost complete in his link; at first, he strove against these ill-boding fantasies, and chided the unmanly weakness that encouraged them; but as proof seemed added to presentiment, and presage after presage glared in grim array on his excited imagination, he no longer made an effort to resist the evil effects of his own profane perversity of inquiry, but rather sought to strengthen and confirm them. The very intensity of his devotion to Mlle. Vernier rendered him but the more tremulously alive to aught indicative of danger or disaster to her, and while gazing on that sweet brow where "clear chastity sat meekly enthroned," his over-burdened heart would relieve itself by whispering his tale of portents, and commentary of fears. Sophie had

long been aware of this peculiar bias of mind, in Pelisson, and for some time paid but little attention to his discourse on these gloomy topics. Living and moving in the happy glee of a young and guileless breast, every thing connected with her life and love, was tinged *couleur de rose*, by fairy fancy, and awakened a joyous anticipation. Satisfied, and what true and modest woman is not with the dear delight of loving and being loved again; and bred up in submissive respect to the ordinances of parental restriction, — of the two, the scraphic girl was by far least uneasy under the checks that fettered their amatory commerce. She knew that he whom she deemed the master of honor and fidelity, was well and nearer; they met often in company — some times, and how precious was the interview, alone; thus much formed her simple felicity, — for the diffidence of her pure and timid nature blushed at daring to cherish a warmer wish. 'Tis true she trembled and wept at the thought of parting; but she had by no means an adequate conception of the length of his probable stay in France and Italy, much less of the temptations and difficulties certain there to beset his path. Hitherto her attachment had been to her a source of the softest pleasure; she had gathered and worn the flowers of love without being pierced with the thorns — but the time was now come when she was made to feel that they had only been hidden; not least their point. Seeing the object dearest to her after heaven, downcast and disturbed, though by a visionary, and to her incomprehensible emotion; the fair Sophie could but exert her tenderest powers to soothe and animate; in consoling his sorrow she insensibly shared it, — while trying to combat his arguments and apprehensions, they often overcame her principled disbelief of them. Still there was a charm, beyond all of past experience, in thus ministering to his peace and solace; the father of passion succeeded and effaced the placid sensation of joy; and never were their hearts drawn so closely together as while both shuddered in horror at the prospect of being severed soon, and for ever. When apart from Pelisson, Sophie thought not, with dread; but in pity of his prophetic alarms; 'twas only in his presence that they proved themselves powerful over her; and if she yielded to the contagion and he saw the bright tears "like pearls from diamonds dropt" gather in her eyes, as she listened to his melancholy language, it acted like magic in rousing him from his vain imaginings of woe.

Mid-winter had now passed; the theatre was about to close and the Verniers had not yet missed a single play. The benefits were mostly taken, and the amateurs of the scenic art, crowded to enjoy the last and best treats. The profit-night of Placide, a popular manager, was announced; a new piece translated for the occasion from the French by the learned professor Girardin, offered great attractions, as did a very superior *corpe dramatique*. The fond Sophie felt relieved by the near cessation in her attendance; for she knew that Augustus was miserable while she was there surrounded — and her health scarce permitted such constant dissipation. In all the stiller combinations or op-

position which controlled or thwarted his reckoning, the "bright particular star," that governed her mortal course showed no sign of change; no ominous variance of token: and on this benign and beauteous sphere, the eyes and hopes of the unwearied lover alike rested through the long sad hours that his divinity spent, less by her own choice than the will of her friends, in apparent enjoyment at the play-house. On Wednesday a slight indisposition detained Sophie at home. Augustus was there in the early part of the evening, but of course retired when the family party went their usual way. That night as he gazed on the auspicious orb, and breathed anxious for her weal and safety, a thick black cloud suddenly passed over the fair star; and it was visible no more. Chilled to the heart at this most frightful prodigy, he stood aghast, like one stricken with thunder; when somewhat recovered from the first shock he stood shrieking from a hundred hideous surmises of superstitious dread—and watched, but in vain, for the reappearance of the lost star till the morning light surprised him there. The moment that he could hope to gain access, he hastened to the abode of Mlle. Vernier, whom he found smiling in peaceful happiness like an emparadised angel. No opportunity then occurred of speaking particularly to her; so he returned in the evening to relate his dark vision and consequent agonies—and to beseech as if pleading for his salvation that she would, for once, consent to stay at home and let him with any of her young female companions bear her company. But Sophie could with truth, assign no cause for declining to go with her friends; her slight indisposition had left no trace behind it; 'twas an old and special acquaintance of her father, who was that night to be patronised, and who had complimented them with *soa* in the manager's box; and so little was she moved by the foud entreaties and fore-boding fears of her agitated lover, that for the first time, she rallied him on them, and refused to resign her own judgment to his impassioned representations. They parted; she to accompany her parents to the theatre, he to be miserable till they met again.

A brilliant audience filled the play-house. The night was calm, soft and starry as if to tempt unusual numbers forth. How many went forth that evening in the pride of gaiety and beauty, and all the splendour of rich adornment! How many that evening enjoyed their first, perhaps their last play! How many eyes sparkled and hearts beat high, as the hour came that summoned to the most moral and fascinating of pastimes! within the crowded edifice, reigned lights and music, mirth and mimic show; without, all seemed to bespeak peace, harmony and repose,—though afterwards, omen and strange warning were remembered and recounted as visibly foreshowing the wrathful purpose of Heaven.

'Twas midnight; all were sleeping save perchance some anxious mother who sat up beside the parlour fire, waiting the return of a sole daughter or young son, permitted in charge of some older relative to see the performance of the night. The tortured Augustus, writhing under the pangs of a superstitious expectation,

and the dread of he knew not what, but something more terrible because unknown and indistinct, leaned from a high window in his father's house, which stood near the theatre. His straining eyes alternately bent on two objects, took cognizance of nothing else. All emotion besides was to him paralyzed and extinct; he beheld only the star, presiding over his idol's destiny, and the quarter, wherein stood the building which at that moment contained her. At first the pulsations of his heart might have been heard and counted at the other end of the room; but, by degrees, as hour succeeded hour, and the watches of the night wore heavily away, he felt less awfully shaken. His gaze was still upon the far and favouring planet—and still as the fatidical rays twinkled down upon him, soft and luminous and clear, they re-assured his lightened breast,—and though he still watched what was to him a sacred light, 'twas less in terror than in rekindling confidence. All at once a deep shade came over his vision—a dark dense body shot before the lovely star, and it was lost in primeval and utter darkness. At the same instant, Pelisson's desperate eyes caught the aspect of the East—he turned them on a strong glare of red light, bursting forth, and spreading over that quarter of the sky. An instant more, and he was in the open air, pursuing his frantic way with the speed of lightning towards the hideous conflagration. Another moment, and the late silent streets resounded with shrieks, and swarmed with people, flying in the same direction—the great barracks-bell rung out its rapid and awful peal, far echoing over all the surrounding country, while yet above the din of frenzied call on wife and husband, and child; of the clamor of the iron tongue that sounded its hasty laram, and the rushing tramp of hundreds, who ran they knew not whither, was heard from countless voices, the tremendous cry of "Fire! fire! fire! The play-house is in a light blaze—and a thousand people burning up in it!" Augustus heard nothing, furiously dashing aside whatever came in his way, he knew not that he drew his breath till he reached the fatal spot. There raged the confirmation of his fearful auguries. A radiance as if of day illuminated the whole atmosphere. A thousand blazes of living flame, crackling, hissing, roaring, and darting their forked tongues into the upward air, streamed around, and thro' gh, and within the devoted building, and the human victims that there met a fiery death, while from each door and window immense volumes of thick, sulphureous smoke broke forth, and ascending slowly, hovered in solid masses, like the huge black wings of the fire-demon, waving in exultation over his sure prey. Never was there before exhibited an emblem so terribly sublime and vivid of the scriptural hell—for from within came rending the cars, and wringing the hearts of the spectators the fierce yell of masculine despair, the faint appealing shriek of girl-hood and infancy, the last screech, uttered in mortal terror, and the loud, piercing, prolonged scream, with which some wretch essayed to spring aside, as the broad winding-sheet of flame came rolling onward and enwrapped them like a funeral garment.

Thousands stood around the burning pile, and yet no help was rendered, for earthly aid was powerless to save. All that the agonised lookers-on could do, was done by urging and imploring the frightened crowd, pent up within the blazing barriers, to throw themselves from any opening, and in raising and succouring as they fell one by one to the ground, the bolder ones who heard and obeyed the eager and encouraging appeal, many, alas! only encountered death in another form, or escaped horribly maimed and mangled by the fall. Here might be seen some maddened father, rushing amid the fierce, flaring torrent of flame, and hot suffocating steam, mixed with showers of sputtering sparks, to seek a helpless child; there a mother, trying in the energy of distraction to fling herself into death in rescue of her darling ones; young daughters just growing up to womanhood, were seen and heard by the parent, whom they vainly called upon to save them in that awful hour; sisters, and dearer yet than sisters, fell back from the windows into the fiery furnace, or were enveloped as they flew before the furious element, and brother and lover stood below, and beheld them perish unaided. No sight or sound of Sophia Vernier, greeted the maniac Augustus, as he burst with a mighty bound over each successive obstacle, and was lost to view in an instant. Ten minutes sufficed to finish the work of destruction, with a crash as horrible as the closing of the infernal gates, the staircase gave way, and fell beneath the hundreds heaped upon it; then with a noise like the loudest peal of splitting thunder, the roof tumbled in—the flames were smothered by it, and all was still within the smoking ruin, save the broken masses, heard here and there from some crippled, or half-unconscious sufferer. But without arose from earth to sky, the wild, accusing cry, as the whole of the blazing and animated interior was buried beneath the falling beams and rafters: humanity shrinks in silence from the spot.

The morning dawned brightly over the calamitous city, and found the committees appointed to that duty passing from house to house, to ascertain who were missing. Seldom before did the fierce monster death seize upon his prey in a form so terrible and sudden. Ninety-six human beings, among them some of the first and finest in the land were on that memorable Thursday, the 29th of December, burned to ashes, or scorched into a crispy mass of oily cinders. Among them, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, were numbered two of the Vernier family; the decrepid grand-mother; the stiff, unwieldy father, the elderly mother, were spared and set aside for life; the eldest daughter too escaped: not so the sweet Sophie, light as a vernal zephyr—the agile Cecile, that outran the mountain fawn—they perished together in the first blush of youth. There was no vestige, no imperishable memorial, whereby to identify the remains of that angelic being, who thus laid down her innocent life; they made part of the general gathering, over whom floods of tears were wept in pitying sorrow—but no holy deeps of parental or kindred grief bedewed the mixed relics.

My business is not with the multiplied cere-

monies, that bewailed the shocking catastrophe, and attended the obsequies of the hapless sufferers. I left the frenzied Pelissou struggling with supernatural might to force his entrance into the burning play-house; he was borne back by the swaying movements of the crowd, trampled down and seen no more till next morning, when his bruised and bleeding body was found at a little distance from the smoking heap of mingled ashes. He was conveyed home, and carefully nursed into a recovery of sense and some corporeal strength, but the light of reason was lost forever. He recognized no friend and renewed no occupation. At first he awoke to raging madness, and the most severe methods were found necessary to curb his excesses. By degrees his violence subsided into a settled gloom and its paroxysms never re-appeared except when the implements of his astrological labors were presented to him in the hope that his complete oblivion of all former associations might not extend to a pursuit to which he had once so devoted himself. He then flew on the person, who held the offensive objects, tore him with savage ferocity, broke them into a thousand fragments and relapsed into a partial delirium. After the interval of a year, it was thought advisable to remove him to Philadelphia, where he had since continued. A younger brother—for there was no sister remaining with him, and to his affectionate care, was owing the neatness and agreeable arrangement of his chamber. Surrounded by the mementoes of his past avocations and delights, and furnished with all means and appliances to multiply them—the unobservant Augustus knew nobody—resorted to nothing—memory was a blank, no trace of the past survived, save that each evening, at the twilight hour, he apostrophized his buried love in fondest repetition of the last discourse that passed between them, and lavished his caresses on a white rose always kept within his bosom, frequently renewed by Theodore.

All the rest of his time was employed in the duties of a devotion, now become his sole principle of action, and in executing with his most sublime powers, the fine music of the Catholic church services. How much or how little he remembered of her who was so cruelly taken from him, is not known. Her fate is aptly imagined in the lines prefixed to this faint sketch; his is to be read in the records of a mad-house: in pity and in admiration, I left him there a Lunatic. E. C. S.

#### OLD BACHELORS.

He who alone would ever live,  
Deserves to always live alone;  
No sympathy has he to give,  
No joys that he can call his own.  
Like some uncultivated field,  
His breast all tenantless doth lie;  
No fruitage the waste soil can yield,  
And buds of hope but spring to die.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.



From the Philadelphia Gazette.  
WASHINGTON.

BY RANNAH F. GOULD.

When the clear sun comes o'er the eastern hills,  
And his bright face the world with glory fills,  
Where are the stars that gilded the crown of night?  
Drowned in the splendour! dwindled out of sight!  
So earth's great names grow less, and one by one,  
Fade, and retire from that of WASHINGTON,  
Who took through life his high, untrodden way,  
Unmatched, as o'er the skies, the orb of day!

Return, ye mighty, ye illustrious dead,  
Whose shining deeds on history have shed  
Its purest radiance—who, from age to age,  
Have left your names as stars upon the page  
Of the world's annals! now return and play  
Your parts again; and who shall wear the bay?  
The only wreath that has no blighted leaf,  
Will bind the forehead of our nation's chief!

Bring out your swords ye warriors, from the bush  
Of their long slumbers! while a thousand blush  
For madly clashing in the useless strife,  
With blood that tells of wanton sport with life,  
One, *society-tempered*, shines without a stain!  
Columbia's hero ne'er unsheathed in vain!  
By noble means, he noble ends pursued,  
Whose first, great conquest was *himself* subdued.

Ye Patriots come and all your breasts unveil  
To show which had the flame the last to fail!  
'Tis his who on our country's altar cast  
His dearest private interests, to the last,  
While self-consuming for a people's right,  
Rose in a cloud of incense to the sight  
Of earth and heaven, till from a weary hand  
The baffled foe-man dropped his harmless brand.

Statesmen and sages, come and cluster round!  
Who aimed so high reflections so profound  
As our great Counsellor! His mental view  
Pierced every shade, and showed a people through.  
He, a fair pillar by a master hand,  
Sublime, towers o'er you, rock-based, firm and grand,  
Wisdom, and strength, and beauty—these combined  
To form the structure of his perfect mind!

Philanthropists, from every clime draw near,  
While in your midst we see your high compeer,  
Rehearse your lives, and prove, if any can,  
Who honored God by purer love to man,  
That glowed within the bosom that is laid,  
In holy rest, beneath the cypress shade.  
Where Vernon gives our deathless friend a tomb,  
To slumber in his Laurels all in bloom!

Souls of the just made perfect! which of you,  
More just and perfect—bade the world adieu,  
Than our immortal Chieftain? While he bore  
The high commission from his King, to pour  
The oil of joy throughout a weeping land—  
'To give a nation being by his hand;  
He, o'er the earth, with garments undefiled,  
Walked before Heaven as a little child.

SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON! though often told,  
The story of thy deeds must ne'er grow old,  
Till no young breast remains to be inspired,  
And virtue, valour, greatness have expired!

But should the land whose bondage thou hast broke,  
Sport off her freedom for another yoke,  
O, look not down upon her—she will be  
Debased, nor worth a father's smile from thee!

From the New England Magazine.  
AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.  
LETTER III.

Rochefoucauld, who probably saw as deeply into the inmost recesses of the human heart, as any man that ever lived, stated as an aphorism, that "no man was ever more unlike another, than he was occasionally unlike himself." Some other ethical philosopher said, to the same purpose, that "man is a bundle of contradictions." Alas! for the honour of human nature, there is too much truth in both remarks—and I am persuaded, that there hardly exists a human being, who does not frequently prove the truth of both. So far as regards my single self, "I plead guilty to the soft impeachment," and have, in the early part of my career, given full proof that I can claim no exemption. My *coup d'essai*, as a writer, was a violent tirade against the barbarous practice of duelling; and behold me, in a very few short years, running full tilt, and provoking a duel, which, according to the strictest laws of chivalry, I might have avoided, without dishonor. Behold me firing a pistol at a man, whom, notwithstanding my ignorance of the use of fire arms, I might have killed, and thus deprived a woman and five or six children of their natural protector, though I was conscious, at the very moment, of the enormity of the offence! I might well say, "I see the right, and yet the wrong pursue." Alas! Alas! I repeat, for poor human nature!

Having very few notes to guide me, and depending, therefore, as I do, almost altogether on my memory, in these loose sketches, I shall frequently omit to introduce incidents in their proper chronological order; as events do not present themselves to my recollection in a regular, consecutive series. In all such cases I shall note down the items as they afterwards occur, without regard to anachronism.

Two or three circumstances, just now recollected, fall within this category, and ought to have been noticed in my first letter, if noticed at all,—perhaps the reader will think that they might just as well be omitted altogether.

I happened to be in Crow-street Theatre, Dublin, on the first representation of the *Poor Soldier*—and inaugurate the genuine humour of the piece, the excellent music of the songs, and the admirable performance of the actors, I was to the last degree indignant at the introduction on the stage, of an Irish coward. This offence was, in my estimation, infinitely enhanced by the writer being an Irishman. I wrote next day, and published in the *Volunteer's Journal*, a violent attack on the piece—on the writer—and on the manager, Mr. Daly, who had dared to insult an Irish audience by the representation of such a piece, the first in the British Drama in which an Irish coward is exhibited. British dramatists, when they introduced an Irishman on the stage, however they might have caricatured the character by bulls and blunders, and too often by low buffoonery, had never rendered an Irishman despicable by the display of cowardice.

Daly called upon me, and expostulated on the injury he would sustain, if, through my instrumentality, the piece should be damned; and urged, as an important consideration, the large sum he had paid for the permission to have it performed. He begged and prayed I would forbear any further attack upon it. I was inexorable—and pledged myself that whenever it was about to be represented, I would use the artillery



of the press to doctry, and exasperate the public against it. We parted on very ill terms.

Some days afterwards, it was announced,—and I renewed the attack, and urged the citizens to muster strong at the Theatre on the night of the performance, to prove their national spirit, and to convince the manager and his friends, that a Dublin audience was not to be insulted with impunity. Accordingly, large parties were made for the purpose, and we appeared in great force. Daly, however, was not wanting to himself. He knew the arrangements that were being made, and took the necessary measures to defeat the hostile forces. He gave innumerable poses, and hence a large majority of the audience was composed of his friends. The curtain rose,—and as soon as Darby appeared, the party opposed to the piece, began a general hissing and yelling. But to our dismay, we soon found we were greatly outnumbered; and were obliged very reluctantly to cease our warfare. The performance of course went on peaceably; and such was the influence of the merits of the piece, that before it was half over, those who had gone with the determination to put it down, if possible, and I among the rest, united in loud plauds.

The result was perfectly analogous to a circumstance that occurred in a very different place, and in an assembly collected for a very different purpose; where

"Those who came to scoff, remain'd to pray."

Another incident took place about the same time, in the same Theatre, of a much more serious character to the Manager, and which was in danger of producing fatal consequences. The Duke of Rutland, when he assumed the reins of government in Dublin, as viceroy, was one of the most popular lieutenants that ever were in Ireland. At the Theatre he used to be greeted with the most marked approbation, and "three cheers for the noble son of the illustrious Marquess of Granby," were re-echoed by the whole house, Boxes, Pit, and Gallery. But having urged forward some very obnoxious measure, his sun of popularity set forever, and he was among the most odious of those viceregentists. Having ordered a play, (the usual mode of intercourse between the Castle and the Theatre) on a particular night, parties were formed on a very extensive scale, to give him a strong and very unequivocal demonstration of the popular indignation and the general disapprobation of his conduct. Tickets were distributed by hundreds. Daly, from whom these hostile machinations could not be concealed, determined to spring a countermine, to blow the conspiracy sky-high. Accordingly he distributed a still greater number of tickets, or passes, and the house was of course oppressively crowded. He had, moreover, half a dozen ruffians placed at the wings of the stage, with voices that could out-stentorize Stentor himself. As soon as the curtain rose, began the tug of war. Both parties exerted themselves with might and main; but the Dalysites put down the others, yet not so effectually as to prevent frequent growls to annoy the Duke and the auditory. The result was regarded as a signal triumph on the part of the adherents of the viceregal court, and mourned as a defeat by their opponents. The courtiers, elated with the victory, had a play ordered in about a week or ten days afterwards. Their adversaries were resolved to leave nothing undone to regain the ground they had lost, and made redoubled exertions. The Volunteer's Journal was not deficient in exertions to fan the flame, and serve the good cause.

At length arrived the night—"the awful night, big with the fate" of Rutland's popularity, and of Daly's career for the season. On the entrance of the Duke, the curtain rose, the orchestra struck up as usual, "God save the king," the actors and actresses made

their appearance on the stage, and commenced the performance. But for any effect they produced on the sympathies of the *spectators* (not *auditors*, for auditory, as far as regarded the players and the music, there was none) they might as well have been on the summit of Kilworth mountains. Never was there a more complete conglomeration of hideous sounds and yells heard out of Pandemonium. This was the vocal part of the entertainment, to which, in melody, the orchestral part did not yield an iota. Corn-craiks, watchmen's rattles, whistles, small drums, and every other conceivable thing calculated to make a noise, united their powers to hurl the appearance of the Duke of Rutland. The harmony of these musical instruments, was broken in upon by stentorian vociferations of "three groans for the degenerate son of the illustrious Marquess of Granby." And such groans were re-echoed through the house as would almost have sufficed to awaken the dead. Only think of 800 or 1000 persons screaming at the top of their voices, "three groans," &c. It beat the confusion among the builders of the Tower of Babel.

After the players had been on the stage for 10 or 15 minutes, the curtain was lowered,—and in a short time was again raised, in the hopes that the popular effervescence had subsided. But the hope was fallacious,—the same "dulcet harmony of sweet sounds" was renewed. The curtain was again lowered, and again raised, with the same hopes and the same success. But it being found that the audience were inflexible, the Duke, and his suite, and the grandees, left the theatre. All the rest of the assembled multitude (*quorum parva pars fui*) rushed out and chased him and his followers through the streets, shouting and groaning, till we were arrested in our career by the castle gates. Ten or a dozen Scotch horse were sent out of the castle yard among us, who had an easy triumph; for we fled with as much precipitation as a flock of sheep pursued by a hungry fox. It was a denouement for which we had made no calculation.

As the frog said to the boy in the fable, this was sport to us—but it was death to Daly. The theatre from that night forward during the whole season, became unfashionable, and was deserted. I have been in the boxes when Mrs. Siddons, who was engaged that season, played to less than one hundred persons. A custom had formerly prevailed, of dismissing the audience, and putting off the play, when there were but few persons present; but Daly had pledged himself never to put off a play, whatever number of persons might be in the house.

It is almost certain that there scarcely ever was a correct biography, whether penned by the party, or by friend or foe, in which there were not various episodes to Love, that universal passion. Some such adventures fell to my lot. Of these episodes, I shall pass over all but one.

As I was about to go into the country previous to my interview with the Marquess de la Fayette, I was two or three times in company with a young lady, a Miss Boys, (daughter of a commodore Boys), of considerable attractions, with whom I was somewhat smitten. Her charms were, I confess, more personal than intellectual: but it is well known that at 24 or 35 the biped, man, more generally chooses a partner of the other sex by the eye than by the ear. I persuaded myself, perhaps without reason, as is not unfrequent occurrence in such cases, that my addresses would not be unacceptable. But in the uncertain state of my affairs, I scorned to attempt to gain her affections.—Before commencing my rustication I was desirous of ascertaining how far, in the event of the arrival of my funds, my addresses would be acceptable to her father and family; and accordingly waited on her father; candidly revealed the whole of my situation; and stated that all my present means were confined to a few

guineas; that I had reason to expect a remittance of £500; that if it arrived, I should commence the book-selling and printing business; that in the mean time, I proposed retiring to the country for a few weeks; and was desirous of knowing, whether, should my expectations be fulfilled, he would be satisfied to admit me as a suitor for his daughter's hand. This procedure was, I presume, perfectly fair and honourable, and entitled me to be favourably heard. Had he received me with a corresponding frankness, I should have announced my views to his daughter, with the same openness and freedom from disguise. He was, I believe, very poor, but proud and haughty as a Spanish Don Juan de Lopez de Mendoza de Olivaréz. He told me that there had been a great many unfortunate matches lately made with foreigners; and that he could for the present say nothing on the subject. This was not very flattering. Had he said, that, provided he found my character and conduct correct and fair, he would be content to let me essay to make an impression on his daughter's heart, I would have been satisfied. It was all I could reasonably expect. But in addition to the uninviting sentiments which he expressed, his hauteur and manner were so cold and repelling as to chill me. My Irish blood was roused. Fortunately Cupid's arrow had not penetrated far. The wound was only skin-deep, and instantaneously cicatrized. I gave up his daughter almost without a struggle or a pang.

After I had commenced printing the *Pennsylvania Herald*, the young lady and her aunt came to my office on some frivolous business, apparently with a view to renew the acquaintance. But I was very cool on the subject. The hauteur of the old don had wholly effaced the very slight impression she had made. I never saw her more. She died shortly afterwards.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1833.

M. CAREY.

From the Religious Souvenir.

#### PAUL BEFORE THE AREOPAGUS.

Come to the Hill of Mars, for he is there,  
That wondrous man, whose eloquence doth touch  
The heart like living flame. With brow unblanch'd  
And eye of fearless ardor, he confronts  
That high tribunal, with its pen of flint,  
Whose irreversible decrees must pale  
The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near—  
Fickle and warm of heart, and fond of change,  
And full of strangers, and of those who pass  
Life in the idle toil, to hear or tell  
Of some new thing. See hither throng the bands  
Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,  
Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask,  
"What will the babbler say?" With front austere  
Stand a dark group of stoics, sternly proud,  
And predetermined to confute, but still  
'Neath the deep wrinkles of their settled brow,  
Lurk some unwonted gathering of their powers  
As for so common foe. With angry frown  
Stalk the fierce cynics, anxious to condemn,  
And prompt to punish; while the patient sons  
Of gentle Plato bind the listening soul  
To search for wisdom, and with reason's art  
Building the fair mart.

Behold the throngs

Prom on the speaker, drawing still more close,  
In denser circles, as his thrilling tones  
Speak of the God who 'warmeth every where  
Men to repent,' and of that fearful day  
When he shall judge the world. Loud tumult wakes,  
The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,

And that blest voice is silenced. They have mocked  
The ambassador of Heaven, and he departs  
From their wild circle. But his graceful hand  
Points to an altar with its mystic scroll—

'The Unknown God.'

Ah, Athens, is it so?

Thou who didst crown thyself with woven rays  
As a divinity, and called the world,  
Thy pilgrim worshipper, dost thou confess  
Such ignorance and shame? *The Unknown God!*  
While all thy hillocks and resounding streams,  
Yea, every beast that beats within thy walls,  
May choose its temple and its priestly train,  
Victim and garland, and appointed rite;  
Thou mak'st the gods of every realm thine own,  
Fostering with boundless hospitality  
All forms of idle worship. Canst be  
That still ye found not him who is so near  
To every one of us,—in whom we live,  
And move, and have a being? He of whom  
Thy tuneful poets spake with childish awe;  
And thou Philosophy, whose art refined  
Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of Fate,  
And compass with thy fine spun sophist web,  
This mighty universe, didst thou fall short,  
Of the Upholding Cause?

*The Unknown God!*

Thou who didst smile to find an awe-struck world,  
Crouch to thee as a pupit; wert thou blind?  
Blinder than he who in his humble cot,  
With hardened hand, his daily labor done,  
Turneth the page of Jesus, and doth read,  
With toil, perchance, that the trim school-boy mocks,  
Counting him in his arrogance a fool;  
Yet shall this poor way-faring man lie down,  
With such a hope as thou couldst never teach  
Thy king-like ages; yea, a hope that plucks  
The sting from death—the victory from the grave.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

#### THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Forget me not, when midst the winds careering,  
I pour my song of tenderness to thee,  
When e'er the wave my jeryous bark is steering,  
Forget not me!

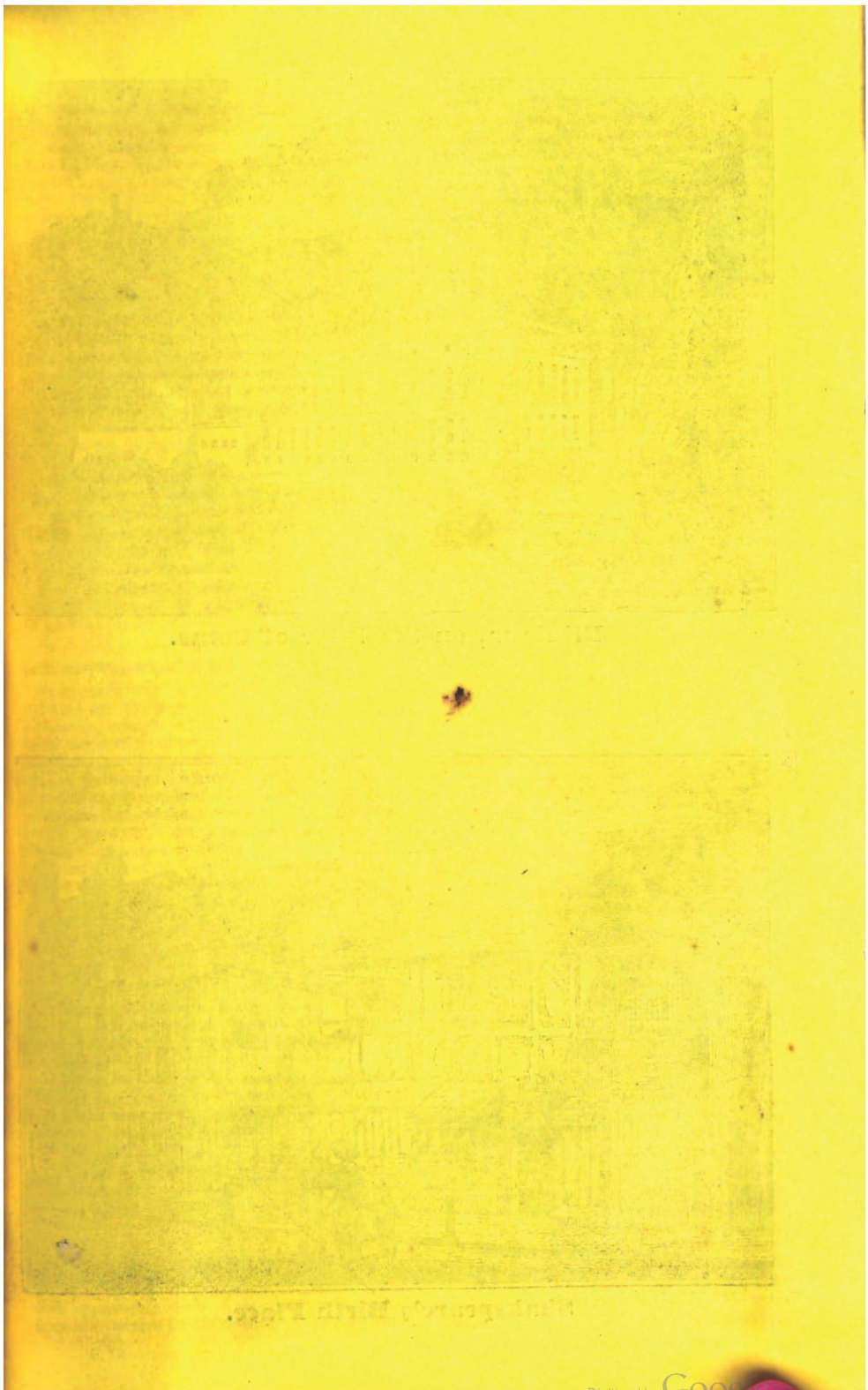
Forget me not, when million stars are beaming,  
And the fair moon is shining tranquilly;  
In thought's sweet vision, when my heart is dreaming,  
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when all those stars are melting  
In the moon's light—and the sun's rays we see,  
Where last night's lamps the firmament were beaming,  
Forget not me!

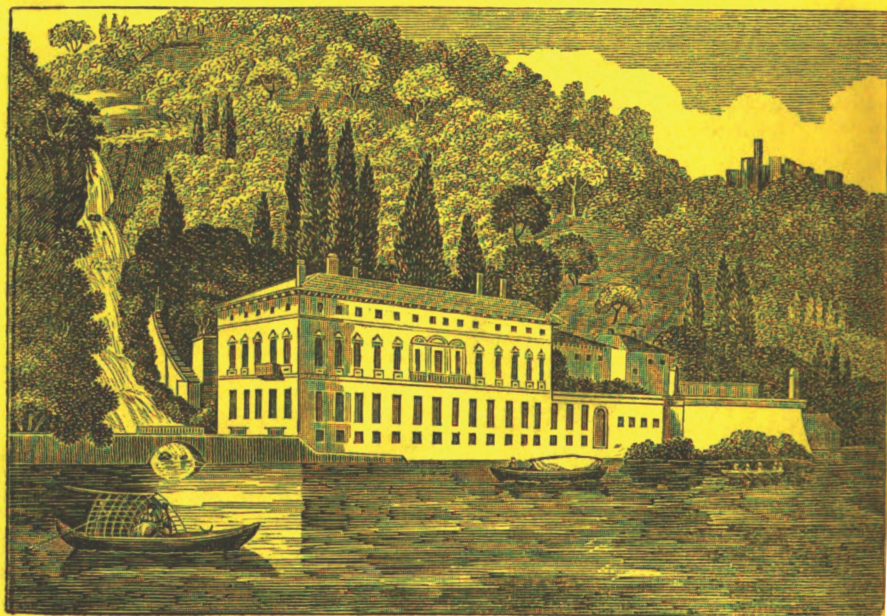
Forget me not, when the storm spirits waking,  
Make war on man, and tempests furiously,  
Pillars of earth and dome of heaven are shaking,  
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when into fury dashing,  
The swarthy billows furrow the deep sea;  
When all the elements are fiercely clashing,  
Forget not me!

Forget me not, in twilight, morn or even,  
When on the waves the stars sink smilingly,  
I think of thee, as saints converse with heaven,  
Forget not me!







**Pliniana, on the Lake of Como.**



**Shakspeare's Birth Place.**

# PLINIANA AND THE LAKE OF COMO.

On the bank of the lake of Como, between Urico and Forno, is seated the elegant villa called La Pliniana, from its being conjectured to be the site of a house belonging to the younger Pliny. On the general beauty of this view it is unnecessary to expatiate.

The hill rising behind the villa, is covered with a variety of luxuriant foliage; not interfering, however, too much with the picturesque effect of the rugged eminences, over which the fine catract to the south dashes with impetuosity. The villa itself is delightfully situated, and may be said to gaze upon itself in the transparent mirror of the lake, with as much complacency as the roses of Ariosto.

In the court yard of this villa is seen the curious intermitting spring which the two Plinys so highly admired, and of which they have left an elegant description. According to the elder Pliny, it ebbs and flows every hour, but the younger states that this phenomenon occurs regularly three times a day.

The lake of Como is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most extensive of the Italian lakes. Though it receives but one river, the Adda, it is nevertheless subject to considerable swells, especially when agitated by the wind. With care and prudence, however, the navigation is attended with scarcely any danger.

## THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare was born on the 23d of April, 1564, and died on the anniversary of his birth-day, 1616, having completed his fifty-second year. His father, according to some writers, was a dealer in wool, according to others a butcher, and according to others a glover. William was the second of eight children. In regard to his early education, there is much uncertainty. It is probable, however, that he learned Latin in the school in his native town: the French and Italian, which he often introduces in his plays, he may have acquired afterwards by himself. Before he was sixteen years old, his father required his aid in his trade; and, in his eighteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway of Shöttery, who was twenty-five years of age, and who became the mother, in 1583, of his favorite daughter Susanna, and, in 1584, of his two children, Hamnet and Judith. It must have been soon after this event he visited London. The time usually assigned is 1586, when he was in his twenty-second year; but the cause of his leaving his native place, as well as his connexions and prospects in London, are unknown. Rowe relates, and others have adopted the opinion, that, having fallen into bad company, he was induced more than once to assist his associates in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcoote, near Stratford. For this he was persecuted by that gentleman so severely, that he at first wrote a satirical ballad on him, and afterwards fled from his home to avoid arrest. This story, however, does not rest on sufficient evidence to entitle it to credence. Without dwelling on the circumstance, or crediting another improbable story of holding horses at the door of a theatre for his livelihood, we shall find a

rational motive for his visiting London, and resorting to the theatre, by knowing that he had a relative and townsman already established there, and in some estimation. This was Thomas Green, a comedian. He became an actor, but, according to Rowe, he never rose higher than the performance of the ghost, in his own Hamlet. Others, however, have endeavored to prove that he was an excellent actor. His greatest patron was a friend of Essex, the earl of Southampton, who is said to have presented him, on one occasion, with a thousand pounds. Queen Elizabeth, who was much delighted with his Falstaff in Henry IV, is said to have ordered him to write another play, in which the facetious knight might appear in love, which gave rise to the Merry Wives of Windsor. He was also favoured with a letter from James I, in return, as doctor Farmer supposes, for the compliment in Macbeth. How long he acted has not been discovered; but he finally became a proprietor and manager, by license, of the Globe theatre in Southwark; and it was in this situation that he afforded Ben Johnson the opportunity of appearing as a dramatic writer. Having a sobriety and moderation in his views of life, not very common in the profession which he adopted, the great dramatist retired early, with a respectable fortune of from 200*l* to 300*l* per annum, equivalent, perhaps, to 1000*l* in our own day, and spent the remainder of his life in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. For some years before his death, he resided in Stratford, in a house which continued in the possession of his descendants until the restoration. Garrick, Macklin, and others, were entertained, in 1742, under the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare. The house was afterwards sold to a clergyman of the name of Gastrel, who, being rated for the poor higher than it pleased him to pay, peevishly declared that the house should never pay again; and, from ill-will to the inhabitants of Stratford, who were benefited by the company it brought to the town, he pulled it down, and sold the materials. He had previously cut down the mulberry-tree for fuel; but a silversmith purchased the whole of it, which he manufactured into memorials of the poet.

Though the shrine of many a catholic saint has had more numerous, yet none had ever more sincere or enlightened devotees, than those who have paid homage to the genius of Shakspeare, at Stratford-on-Avon. The room which is there shown as that in which the immortal bard was born, is covered in every part with the names of visitors; even the ceiling, the sides, the projecting chimney, and every partition of the surface, have been written on. A list of the names would exhibit all the rank, character, and genius of the age. Among these names are those of the present king of England, the duke of Clarence, and of at least one half of the members of both houses of parliament; as well as those of many distinguished foreigners, among whom are Lucien Bonaparte, and the Russian and Austrian princes, who visited England since the peace. Even the tomb of Shakspeare, and his bust, are in like manner covered with names, proud of an association with him, "who was not for an age." On the scroll, under the effigy, is

the name of "Wellesley," inscribed by the successive viceroy of Hindostan and Ireland himself, and near it the name of Lucien Bonaparte, with the following lines:—

"The eye of Genius glistens to admire,  
How memory hails the sound of Shakspeare's lyre;  
One tear I'll shed, to form a crystal shrine  
Of all that's grand, immortal and divine."

From the engraving which is appended, it will be seen that a portion of the humble dwelling in which he was born is now occupied by the Swan public house, the other part is occupied by a butcher's shop; these two tenements were originally but one house—the birth place of the poet, the spot where he drew the first breath of life, where fancy

—fed the little prattler, and with songs  
Of sooth'd his wondrous ears.

In a lower room of this public house is a curious ancient ornament over the chimney, relieved in plaster, which from the date, 1606, that was originally marked on it, was probably put up at the time, and possibly by the poet himself, is a rude attempt at historic representation which has passed unnoticed by most of the multitude of visitors that have been on the spot, as it is not generally known. The motto runs thus, in old English black letter,

Goliath comes with sword and spear,  
And David with a sling,  
Although Goliath rage and swear,  
Down David doth him bring.

In the corner of the chimney, stood an old oaken chair, which had for a number of years received nearly as many adorers as the celebrated Shrine of the Lady of Loretta. This relic was purchased in 1790, by the Princess Ozartoryska. She made a visit to this place in order to obtain intelligence relative to Shakspeare, and being told that he often sat in this chair, she placed herself in it and expressed an irresistible desire to become a purchaser, which she accomplished after much difficulty, at the price of twenty guineas.

## THE SNOW.

BY WM. KENCLARE.

The fair, the light, the sparkling snow  
By gentle breeze or whirlwind driven,  
Thou seek'st the changeful world below,  
And wend'st thy way from heaven:—  
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart,  
For Purity itself thou art!

The virgin snow—the chaste, the free,  
The myriad winged—the stainless white!  
The mountain's brow is wreathed with thee,  
As with a wreath of light:  
And garments of the vernal bride  
Are very darkness by thy side.

For thou dost clothe our parent Earth  
With matchless robes, and bid'st her throw  
Ten thousand radiant sunbeams forth—  
Bright as the gems that glow  
Above the purple throne of Night—  
When thou hast kissed the morning light.

Thine icicles in radiance bright,

In hollow caves and ancient halls,  
Are hung like crystal lamps of light,  
That gladden festivals;

Thy floor of frost-work thou hast spread,  
Clear as the ocean's coral bed.

The avalanche in thunders dread,  
The might of man indignant scorns;  
The wild volcanic furnace red  
Above thee ever burns;  
And o'er the vast Siberian wild,  
Thou sleepest as a new-born child.

Thou art too poor for subject earth,—  
And thou hast made thy loved abode  
In giant regions of the North,

Where foot hath never trod:  
There thou hast pitch'd thy thousand tents,  
And reared thy deathless monuments—

Where thou ne'er feel'st the bosom throb—

The heart give forth the crimson flood—  
And where thine ever-spotless robe,

May not be stained with blood,  
Nor Death's high feast, nor scattered arms,  
Bedim the lustre of thy charms.

Emblem of God! effulgent snow!

The beautiful, unspotted vast—  
Unto the fair green earth below

Thou comest on the blast;  
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart—  
For Purity itself thou art!

From the Georgia Telegraph.

## THE OCEAN.

I have been on Continent and Isles,  
When War and Peace dwelt there;  
And wandered o'er the ruined Piles,  
And breathed their perfumed air—  
But where a scene so wildly grand,  
So boundless, or so free,  
As where in distance sinks the land—  
The Ocean still for me!

The gilded halls of Kings I've trod,  
And mingled midst their crowd,  
I've wandered where Alhambra stood,  
The beautiful! the proud!—  
But not for me are scenes like these,  
Nor valley, brook, nor tree,  
The sea toss'd bark, the wave, the breeze—  
The Ocean still for me!

I've rambled over field and fern,  
O'er mountain, vale, and wood;  
And hunted 'midst the wildest glen,  
And woo'd its solitude—  
But give me still my ocean home,  
And ever merry sea;  
Contented ever there I'd roam—  
The Ocean still for me!

I've been where Earthquakes shook the pole,  
Upon the trembling land;  
See mountains from their bases roll,  
And cities crushed to sand—  
As others will, I love the wave,  
And its wild revelry;  
None of the daring and the brave—  
The Ocean still for me!



## THE PARTING AND RETURN.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and woes,  
 To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,  
 For which joy hath no blame and affliction no sting.

MOORE.

Passing one evening along the piazzas of Covent-Garden theatre, I entered the house, and with some difficulty wedged my way into the pit, which, owing to the first appearance of a new play, was more than usually crowded.

Whether the fault was in the piece itself or in the acting I cannot say, but, certain it is, I felt little or no interest in the performance, and began—as is usual in such cases—to look about, and to seek amusement in a survey of the company.

While I was busily engaged in scanning the faces around me, I observed that my own was diligently perused by a gentleman dressed in black, who was sitting close beside me. I looked at him in my turn, and felt a dim and confused remembrance of having seen him before.

"If I am not much mistaken," said the stranger, "your name is —?"

"Your acquaintance with my name," replied I, "confirms the conjecture that I had begun to form; that yours is not unknown to me, though at this moment I cannot recollect it, or tell when and where I have seen you."

"Is it possible," returned he, "that a few years passed in India can have wrought such a change, that you cannot recognize your old friend Morris?"

Morris, indeed, it was; and after the first burst of pleasure and surprise, at this unexpected meeting, was over, we left the theatre, and adjourned to a tavern in the neighborhood, where we partook of a light repast. As soon as the supper equipage was removed and we were left to ourselves, "I congratulate you," said I, "upon your return to your native country, and almost envy you the feelings arising from it, which I have no doubt more than compensate for the pain of absence and privation;—indeed, the trials of a few years spent abroad are not to be regretted, since they enable us to appreciate and enjoy the comforts and delights of home during the rest of our lives."

"You are mistaken," replied Morris; "the enviable feelings which you suppose I possess, exist but in your imagination, as they once did by anticipation in mine; but let not him who has sojourned in a distant land, give way to his longings to revisit the scenes of his childhood and retrace the walks of his youth,—let him keep the mountains and the sea betwixt him and his place of birth. Shrined in his heart and glowing with the light of happier days, lies that fairy land of memory; but to revisit its scenes would be to dash the picture with shade, and to strike out from it the fair familiar faces that gladden our dreams, or touch them with the dreary traces of time,—let him therefore enjoy the beautiful vision as it exists in memory, but not seek to view the reality with a faded eye and a disenchained heart."

"I am well aware that all our enjoyments come short of our anticipations, yet I fear there must

have been some untoward circumstances in your case which have mingled unhappy associations with the senses which should naturally give rise to the sweetest emotions."

"That is too true," said Morris with a sigh,— "there is in my case a circumstance of sorrow that well may cloud the brightest day and the fairest scene; and though perhaps it is wrong in me to trouble you with a record of my errors and sufferings, yet, since by communication we lighten the burden of our woes, I know you will forgive me." He then began as follows:—

"I had nearly completed the course of education which is generally considered sufficient for young men destined to seek their fortunes abroad, when, through the interest of an uncle who had been long resident in India, I was appointed to a cadet ship in the Company's service.

"I left the scene of my studies in order to pay a farewell visit to my relations in the North Highlands of Scotland, and for that purpose took my seat in the mail coach, which brought me, at a turn of the road, within a few miles of my birth place, where I left it, and, striking off from the highway proceeded on foot towards my native glen.

"It was Sabbath morning, and as I advanced upon my journey I began to see the 'dwellers of the hills' assembling towards the church, and to hear the chime of the bells. Before the commencement of divine service, I also had reached it, and entered in along with the humble friends and companions of my early youth.

"In a few minutes a middle aged gentleman walked in, accompanied by his wife and daughter, and seated themselves in a pew almost opposite to the one which I occupied; and by the stir and bustle of curiosity which their entrance excited among the congregation, I guessed that they were strangers in that part of the country. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the gentleman, except an expression of worldly shrewdness, which I felt to be disagreeable; but his wife had a mild and dignified demeanour, and his daughter was one of those who, once seen, are never to be forgotten.

"She might then have been about the age of seventeen; but her countenance had more thoughtfulness and feeling than generally belong, or indeed seem natural to such early years. Her features were not of that regular description with which painters and sculptors body forth as their conceptions of perfect beauty, but possessed in a far greater degree, the power of fascinating the beholder; for they beamed with that light of the soul which the cunning of the pencil cannot steal; nor need I regret that it had not the power to fix upon earth the image of that beauty which is now in Heaven, since the picture is better engraved on my heart; and there, at least, the cheek hath not lost its rose, nor the eye its ray. But to return.

"The service of the day commenced, and the sermon seemed to be a farewell address to men about to leave their country, and to seek a home in a distant land. They were exhorted not to despond because their place of refuge lay beyond the great waters,—they were reminded that God is every-where present, and would be with them



in the wide wilderness as much as in the haunts of men; that we are at best, but strangers and sojourners upon earth, as all our fathers were,—and that having here no continuing city, we seek one to come.

"These passages of the sermon seemed to give pain to the strangers; by which circumstance I conjectured that they were a family which had been expected for some time past in the parish, and that the gentleman was the person who had taken a lease of the surrounding district for the purpose of throwing it into sheep farms; in consequence of which, so many poor people were about to be turned adrift upon the world, and obliged to seek a home in the wilds of America.

"When the service was concluded, the strangers left the church, and passed hastily through the crowd, who eyed them in sullen silence as they walked along the glen towards a house lately erected by the proprietor of the district for his new tenant, by which circumstance my conjecture respecting them was confirmed.

"There they go!" exclaimed an aged woman who had once seen better days,—“there they go, but the blessing of the poor goeth not with them! I had hoped,” continued she, “to have been allowed to die where I have lived, and to lay me down in peace beside my fathers: but it may not be,—the stranger hath come and left me neither house nor home; yet mark my words. Yon blighted tree was once strong and flourishing; it fed upon destruction, for its stem was in the grave, and was nourished by the tears of the widow and the fatherless; but the thunder came at last; it scathed the boughs, and the trunk withered; and so shall it fare with the despoiler of the poor. The hope of his heart, the child of his love shall perish,—even you young maiden, fair a flower though she be as ever gladdened a cottage or graced a court; but it needs not the vision which is now upon my soul to foretell her doom; for there is that on her pale and thoughtful face, which to the experienced eye of a mother, who like me, has seen her own fair daughters drop away, speaks of an early grave.”

"I was much shocked at this speech of the old woman, whose denunciation of death against the young, beautiful, and unoffending girl had something fiendish in it, which curdled my blood, and seemed the curse of the withered heart on which the prophet spirit had come down before death.

"I arrived at my destination in the evening.—It was the house of a friend with whom my sister resided, who was the nearest living relative I had.

"We were happy to meet, and had much to ask and communicate. I retired to bed at a late hour; but the image of the fair stranger whom I had seen at church, and which had engrossed my waking thoughts, came back upon my dreams.

"I will not dwell upon the minute details of the progress of my affection for the fair Emma. Suffice it to say, that I soon became acquainted with the family, where I was a frequent visitor; and my sister being the only young woman of a rank corresponding to her's in that part of the country, they were often together, and I had frequent opportunities of enjoying her society and gaining her affections.

"From me her young unsophisticated heart received the indelible impression of first love, and I in turn became devoted to her. Our attachment was unsuspected by her parents, and indeed was known to no one but my sister, who, although she disapproved of it as imprudent and likely to end in disappointment, had yet too much sympathy with our happiness to throw any impediment in the way of our meetings, or deprive us of the pleasure which we felt in each other's society.

"The time at length approached for my departure: we had our last meeting, and at that feast of tears I vowed eternal fidelity, and promised that as soon as my services abroad should entitle me to leave of absence, I would return, when, with improved prospects, I might solicit her hand with the reasonable hope of obtaining the consent of her parents.

"I took my departure with a heavy heart, and proceeded to London, where I embarked on board a vessel bound for Calcutta. We dropped down the river in the night, and having entered the Channel on the following day, bore away in the direction of the Land's End, and then stood out to sea.

"The sun was setting in the west, and gilding the green earth, then sinking in the deep; and, oh! what a world of slumbering feelings and long-lost memories flashed back upon my heart as I beheld the 'land of my birth and of my father's grave,' and the scene of my past joys and sorrows, which held all that was dear to me in life, waning over the waters, faint and far away as the phantom shores of the land of dreams! I watched it as it lessened along the deep to a dark line,—a speck that glimmered a while through the mist of tears which obscured my gaze. I dashed the dew from my eyelids and looked again; but the vision was gone,—all gone,—it might be forever. I shall never see these shores fade again with such a pang, and strange as it may seem, I grieve thereat. So blessed a thing is youth, that we regret the loss even of its sorrows.

"After a voyage of the average length, we reached our destination, where I was received and welcomed by my uncle in the most flattering manner, and entered with the fairest prospects upon oriental life. Yet still I was a stranger in a distant land, whose mode of life were foreign to my heart,—where day was a season of languid repose, and eve, which at home was sacred to quiet walks and soothing contemplations, was the time of bustle and excitement. Night alone was to me the time of enjoyment; for it wafted me away into the land of memory, and gave me back in vision the smiles and sweet faces that were far away.

"Would it had continued ever so! but by degrees I began to mingle with and at length to relish the society among which my lot was cast.

"About this time it was my misfortune to become acquainted with a set of young men whose peculiar boast it was to be proof against the fascinations of woman, or as they expressed it, the cunning of the sex. Love, as it is felt in young and innocent hearts, was to them the inextinguishable theme of ridicule, and the existence of female virtue they considered entitled to the same

degree of credit as that of the Phoenix. While they confined themselves, however, to general and sweeping assertions, their opinions had little or no influence upon me; but when these were backed by a multitude of corroborative facts and particular examples of dereliction from virtue, with which their own evil experience had supplied them, my mind insensibly but strongly imbibed the poison of their principles, of which the baneful effects soon became evident, and I began to repent of my vows to the fond, confiding girl who had given me her heart.

"For a considerable time I had combated opinions which I saw, if generally received, must be utterly subversive of the social charities; but the seed of suspicion once fairly roused, could not be hid, and shook, like an earthquake, the peace of my once unsuspecting heart.

"Hitherto my correspondence with Emma had been both frequent and regular; but now, although I still duly received her letters, my replies became gradually colder, then less punctual, and at last ceased altogether. She could no longer misunderstand my meaning, and wrote me a last letter, seemingly calm and passionless; for though my apostacy was death to her young heart, yet the dignity and proper pride of a true woman concealed the wound. In that letter she absolved me from my engagement to her, wished me every happiness through life, and bade me an eternal farewell.

"After our correspondence had finally ceased, I heard nothing of her for a considerable time. At length I received a packet from my sister, who did not seem to be acquainted with what had happened, as her letter did not contain one upbraiding word; yet it was written in a strain which cut me to the heart.

"It informed me, that, in consequence, she feared, of some secret sorrow, her amiable friend, Emma, had fallen into bad health and low spirits, ending in a brain fever, from which her recovery was imperfect,—that her intellects continued in a disordered state, and that she appeared to be rapidly sinking into a decline.

"It was then for the first time that I felt the pangs of remorse; and it was by awakened feeling that my reason was enabled to detect the miserable sophistry by which it had been deluded, and to be sensible of the absurdity of forming an estimate of all womankind from the conduct of some of the worst of the sex whom my companions might have known in England or in India, in whose alliances the heart had no share, and with whom wealth, even if coupled with age and disease, was preferred to every thing else. I felt ashamed of myself for having been the dupe of fools, and longed to make reparation to the girl whom I had so deeply wronged, if it might not yet be too late.

"For this purpose I was just about to apply for leave to return home, when my uncladied, leaving me sole heir to his fortune, which was considerable. I immediately resigned my situation in India, and embarked in a vessel about to sail for England.

"Once more did I behold the cliffs of Albion soar like a white wall over the sea; but they rose upon my gaze with troubled emotions, for my soul was dark, and cast a shadow over every

scene. Immediately upon landing, I set off for Scotland, and, leaving the coach a few miles from my native spot, took my solitary way towards the glen that sheltered the dwelling of Emma.

"The scene was still the same as when I last beheld it,—and yet how changed! The same, for its green hills, 'all light and silence,' towered as heretofore into the sky, and over them the winter-storms of a thousand years had shed their snows, and wreaked their fury in vain,—but changed; for where the smoke of an hundred hamlets rose curling in the calm, and where the milkmaid's song was heard at morn and eve mingling with the chorus of the woods,—all was silent, save the whistle of the solitary shepherd, or the bleating of his flock on the knely hill. It was spring-time, moreover, when I last looked upon my native vale, and the flower was in bud, and the woods were green, which had now fallen into the 'yellow leaf.'

"Upon approaching the dwelling of Emma, I became wild with emotion, and a nameless, undefined foreboding of ill,—my heart beat as if it would leap from my breast, and by the time I reached the house, I was almost overpowered by my feeling. The door was opened by a female servant; but I had no power of utterance. She desired me, however, to walk into the parlour. I knocked at the door, and a voice—which seemed the faint echo of one I had heard in other days—bade me come in. I entered in a state of breathless agitation, and my startled gaze rested upon the faded form of my first love!

"She was seated in a window, through which the crimson light of the evening sky shed a dying glow upon her pale cheek, and was gazing on the setting sun and the falling leaf, as if reading her own doom in the book of nature.

"As soon as I regained the power of utterance, I addressed her, I scarce know how, for I was bewildered with sorrow. But she answered me coldly and as a stranger. I then mentioned my name, and asked her if she had forgotten me? She raised her beautiful eyes, and—looking at me with a vague and abstracted gaze—replied, that she thought my name was not new to her, but the recollection of it was like that of a dream: 'Indeed,' continued she, 'I have been very unwell, and my memory begins to fail: but I will call my mother, and she will recollect you at once, for she is not one of those who forget their old friends.'

"I was struck with remorse as I gazed upon the ruin which my folly and wickedness had wrought; while the kindness with which her unsuspecting mother received and welcomed me back, was like coals of fire heaped upon my head.

"My tale now draws towards a close. A bright hectic spot began to glow upon the cheek of Emma; and a fearful thing it is to see that fatal sign,—that blossom of the grave lurking amid the smiles of hope, with which consumption flatters and deludes its victim. It is as if, while gazing on the face of beauty, we could discover through the bright eye and blooming cheek the ghastly frame-work which they veil, and could see the naked skeleton grinning behind its mask, in mockery of the 'fools who adore.'

"At length Emma died. She waned to a shadow, and vanished like a noiseless dream. Had she lived to recognize and forgive me, it had been some consolation; but she never once had a lucid interval, nor even for a moment awoke to a sense of her sorrow. I saw her laid in the grave, in the same churchyard, and beneath the blighted tree where the old woman had foretold her death on the day I first beheld her.

"Her father and mother were inconsolable,—the former has become dead to the world, and regardless of his affairs, which are rapidly falling into confusion, and it does not seem likely that he will long survive her loss; and my sister has now left that part of the country, which no longer holds any thing dear to me but the grave of Emma.

"I shall pay a pilgrimage to it once more, and then seek such alleviation of my sufferings as time and distance can administer in some foreign land."

Such was the conclusion of Morris's story. I mused upon it in silence, but answered not, for I had no consolation to bestow.

#### PRIZE POEM.

The following is the poem which obtained the prize of \$50, offered by W. W. Clapp, Esq. editor of the Boston Evening Gazette. It is from the pen of that accomplished writer, Miss HANNAH F. GOULD, of Newburyport, Mass.

#### THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.

A SCENE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE SERVANT of GOD is on his way  
From Boston's beautiful shore;  
His boat skims light o'er the silvery bay,  
While the sleeping waters awake and play,  
At the touch of the playful oar.

The purpose that fills his soul is great  
As the soul of a man can know;  
Vast as eternity, strong as the gate  
The spirit must pass, to a changeless state,  
And enter, to bliss or woe!

His boat is fast; and over the sod  
Of a neighboring wood he hies.  
Through moor and thicket his path is trod,  
As he hastens to speak of the living God  
In the ear of a man who dies!

Where Rumney's\* forest is high and dark,  
The Eagle lowers her wing,  
O'er him, who once had made her his mark;  
For the Sagamore, in his hut of bark,  
Is a perishing, powerless King.

At the door of his wigwam hang the bow,  
The antler, and beaver-skin;  
While he, who bore them, is faint and low,  
Where death has given the fatal blow,  
And the Monarch expires within.

The eye that glanced, and the Eagle fled  
Away, through her fields of air—  
The hand that drew, and the deer was dead—  
The hunter's foot, and the chieftain's head,  
And the conqueror's arm, are there!

\* For the character and the death-scene of Wonomahquah, better known as SAGAMORE JOHN, son of the Squaw-Sachem; and for an account of the Rev. Mr. Wilson's visit to him, in his last moments, at his Wigwam on the ground anciently called *Winnisimmit* and *Rumney Marsh*, but now, divided between Chelsea and Saugus, see THATCHER'S INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.

But each its powerful work has done!

Its triumph at length is past;  
The final conflict is now begun,  
And, weeping, the mother hangs over her son,  
While the Sagamore breathes his last!

The Queen of the Massachusetts grieves,  
That the life of her child must end!  
And that is a noble breast, that heaves,  
With the mortal pang, on the bed of leaves,  
Of the white man's Indian Friend!

The stately form, which is prostrate there,  
On the feet that are cold as snow,  
Has often sped, in the midnight air,  
A word to the Christian's ear to bear,  
Of the plot of his heathen foe!

And oft, when roaming the wild alone,  
That generous heart would melt,  
At the touch of a ray of light, that shone,  
From the white man's God, till, before his throne,  
Almost has the Indian knelt.

Yet the fatal fear, the fear of man,  
That bringeth to man a snare,  
Has braced his knee, as it just began  
To bend; and the dread of a heathen clan,  
Has stifled a Christian prayer.

But now, like a flood, to his trembling heart,  
Has the fear of a God rushed in;  
And keener far, than the icy dart,  
That rends the flesh and spirit apart,  
Is the thought of his heathen sin.

To the lonely spot where the Chief reclines,  
While the herald of love draws nigh,  
The Indian shrinks, as he marks the signs  
Of a soul at peace, and the light that shines,  
Alone from a Christian's eye.

"Alas!" he cries, in the strange, deep tone  
Of one in the grasp of death,  
"No God have I! I have lost my own!  
I go to the presence of thine alone,  
To scorch in his fiery breath!

The Spirit, who makes the skies so bright,  
With the prints of his shining feet;  
Who rolls the waters, kindles the light,  
Imprisons the winds, and gives them their flight—  
I tremble his eye to meet!

"When, oh! if I openly had confessed,  
And followed and loved him here,  
I now might fly to his arms for rest,  
As the weary bird to her downy nest,  
When the evening shades draw near.

"But, grant me the one great boon I crave  
In a dread, and an awful hour!  
When I shall have sunk in my forest grave,  
O, take my Boy to thy home, and save  
That beautiful forest flower!

"The God of thy people, the HOLY ONE—  
And the path that shall reach the skies—  
Say! say that to those thou wilt lead my son,  
That he may not second the race I've run,  
Nor die, as his father dies!"

"As his father dies!" with the breath that bore  
That sorrowful sound, has fled  
The soul of a king—for, the strife is o'er  
With spirit and flesh; and the Sagamore  
Is numbered among the dead!

But has he not, by his high bequest,  
Like the penitent on the tree,  
The Saviour of dying man confessed;  
And found the promise to him addressed—  
"To day thou shalt be with me!"

From the Saturday Evening Post.

### THE VENETIAN CONSPIRACY.

It was a calm, delightful evening in summer, the day had been hot and sultry—but as it began to close, the cool breezes from the Adriatic sprang up, but just enough to wave the flags and streamers upon the vast crowd of vessels, that from all quarters of the known world, then frequented the bays of Venice. The sun was setting and seemed half embedded in the sparkling wave, as he threw his last rays across the water, lighting them as well as the glorious sky, in one vast sheet of crimson and gold. It was a splendid sight, far too grand for the pen to describe, or the pencil to portray. So indeed thought Francesco di Loria, as, leaning against a column of a ruined Pallazzo, on the shore, with his arms folded on his breast he gazed over the calm Adriatic, upon the glorious golden orb, as it sank beneath the wave, leaving its crimson traces in the cloudless sky.

Francesco di Loria was descended from a noble, but now decayed family, that had once swayed Venice—and whose illustrious banner had once floated over the battlements of the Pallazzo, against whose shattered ruins he leaned. Now it was almost treason to breathe the name of di Loria in the streets of Venice, and woe to the wretch who chanced to murmur against the tyrannic sway with which the family of Valmarino, with the despotic Doge Niccolo, at their head, governed Venice. But the measure of their crimes was full; and a mine was laid which at the slightest spark would crush with a tremendous explosion the whole race and family of Niccolo Valmarino to atoms.

The sun had now set, and the Italian twilight was fast stealing over land and sea. Francesco remained leaning against the broken column—thinking perhaps of the days of happy childhood that he had spent in those halls, when he, now an exile, was sole heir to the vast possession. He remained some time lost in thought, when a step approaching, roused him from his reverie; turning round he saw the figure of a man stealing towards him, and knowing he was in a dangerous situation, he was about to retreat within the ruins, but the stranger quickening his pace, exclaimed aloud, "who goes there?" "Permit me to ask the same question, before I answer you Signor," replied Francesco.

"I care not who knows my name—'tis Marco Bertucio."

"Marco Bertucio!"—exclaimed di Loria starting, "my old friend, and am I so changed then, that even you cannot remember me?"

"In the fiend's name who are you?" said Marco, approaching him.

"I fear not to trust you with my name; we were friends in our youthful days, and I trust are yet. I am Di Loria."

"Heaven be praised," said Bertucio embracing him, "but my friend, you certainly are aware of the danger you are in, by exposing yourself so near the city, surrounded by your foes."

"I knew it well—but adversity and hardship has steeled my heart against danger; I am therefore perfectly at my ease. But how do the Venetians like their mild and peaceable governors, now?" asked Di Loria in bitter scorn.

"Like them! there are thousands in the city, that, had they a leader, would assemble and tear their Doge's heart from his body, for the most inveterate and deep rooted hatred prevails against the Valmarinos, and as I say—could there be found a firm and resolute leader of an opposite faction, the bloody head of the Doge would soon be seen rolling down the Giant's Staircase."

"Marco—were I to trust you with a secret that concerns my life—would you be faithful?"

"By St. Marco, my patron, I swear, that never"—

"Nay,—a promise," said Francesco, "is all that is necessary."

"That is freely given to my friend," said Marco.

"Know then, that I have at last formed bold designs for raising my fallen fortunes. I have put myself at the head of a few friends, that are daily, and hourly increasing, for what purpose you may easily guess, as we all have sworn if God and St. Mark aids our cause, that the power of the Valmarino family shall be brought down. We meet nightly in the subterranean vaults of our old Pallazzo, and only wait till our numbers are strong enough to raise my decayed family from the obscurity and disgrace into which it has fallen—and settle it upon the ruins of the now powerful Valmarino. Now my friend, I leave it at your option to join us or not—for 'tis a desperate undertaking."

"And join you I will without delay—but 'twill be scarce worth the while, as I possess naught but my sword."

"And a courageous heart"—said Di Loria.

"It is danger only that can prove that"—said Bertucio—"I once was—but no matter, my heart and hand will be joined to promote your just and virtuous cause, to deliver from the gripe of oppression, a proud and noble people. But the night has closed in, I must begone—where do you sleep to-night?"

"Sleep! I sleep"—answered Di Loria—"no no—not until Niccolo di Valmarino sleeps—in his tomb—but you see that tall white column—just visible amid the gloom, near it is a tomb—be there to night at the hour of eleven, strike thrice upon the iron door, and it will be opened, repeat this watchword, 'Venice and Liberty,' and amid the bones of my ancestors, deep in the earth, you will become one of our band; till then, farewell."

"Farewell, and may St. Mark bless you," said Bertucio, and after Di Loria was out of hearing added, "but if St. Marco can save you now, you may bless him. Ah! simple, simple Francesco, thou knowest not what a viper thou hast in thy bosom; it is laughable to think that I, the head spy of the Doge, should so easily find these conspirators haunts, and become a worthy member. I will instantly to the Doge, and inform him of it; and if I can secure these villains to night, my fortune is forever made." So saying, the treacherous Marco Bertucio departed.

Niccolo di Valmarino, the Doge of Venice, was walking with a slow and measured step, in a balcony of the palace, that over-looked one of the principal canals. The balcony communicated with a large room, the private hall of audience of the Doge, which was furnished in singu-

lar magnificence. On either side of the apartment, was a row of slender marble columns, supporting a carved ceiling, representing the firmament, while the floor was paved with marble. At the upper end of the room, which was hung with purple and black satin, was a chair or throne, above which, in sombre majesty, appeared rampant, the Winged Lion of St. Mark. At the extremity of the room, were large folding doors that, however, were seldom used, owing to a small door concealed by the hangings, and opening upon a back staircase, which better answered the purposes of the Doge and his emissaries.

The moon had now arisen above the towers of the Inquisition opposite, and the Doge was entering the apartment, when a sound below arrested his footsteps. Leaning over the balcony, he discovered a small gondola, with a single rower, approach the stair that led to the Pallazzo. It seemed as if the Doge expected this visiter, as he gave a signal to the rower, who immediately advanced up the staircase, and in a short space of time, was standing unannounced in the hall.

"Ha! Marco, is it thee," said the Doge.

"It is your servant, most illustrious Signor," answered Marco Bertucio.

"Well, what wouldst thou—is there any more accusations in the Lion's mouth—or have the men of the Lagoon rebelled?"

"Something of more importance, Signer, of Francesco di Loria!"

"Saint Michael! what sayest thou?" said the Doge, starting.

"I have the means," answered Bertucio, "of entrapping him with his whole band this night, if your noble highness will give me fifty picked soldiers with their stout halberds."

"Hell and furies!" cried the Doge, "what do I hear, the last of Di Loria's race in my power! Lodge them in the deep vaults of the holy tribunal, and the wealth of the Indies, good Bertucio, shall be yours. Instantly to the captain of the guard and show him this signet—take a hundred soldiers with you—and if the conspirators, make any resistance, spare not one—but you know your business." "And shall remember the reward—good night, noble Signor;"—and Marco Bertucio departed—

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It was about the mid-hour of the night, and the bright moon silvered the many christian banners that floated in the cool and night breeze, high above the temples and towers of conquered Jerusalem. The streets were all silent, and deserted, except by two persons, who passed swiftly along towards a postern gate of the city.—One was habited as a monk, and the other seemed of the lowest class of the peasantry—though he was, as appeared, a christian. The gate was passed, and they were walking along the banks of the Kedron, before either of them broke silence—at length the monk spoke.

"Where is thy habitation, friend?" he enquired. "You can see it, holy father, that low white house about a quarter of a league up the brook, but craving your pardon, had we not better walk faster—the man is near his end."

"Tis well, knowest thou his name?"

"No, he does not wish it known; but he says he was formerly of Venice."

"Of Venice," cried the monk, "holy St. Mark, who can he be?"

"What disturbs your reverence so," said the peasant.

"Nothing, nothing; I lived at Venice in my youth," said the monk, and added musingly, "twenty bitter years have gone by, since then; but twenty years of suffering has failed to wash out from my remembrance, the horrors of that night; betrayed by my dearest friend—Oh heaven!"

"Of what night do you speak, good father," said the peasant.

"Night!" said the monk starting, "Oh, good friend, I sometimes think aloud, that is all, but we have arrived, I suppose?"

"Even so, and may it please you sir, to enter my poor abode."

So saying they entered the hovel, and in a corner of the only room the house afforded, was a wretched sight. Upon a few tattered rags, lay the remnants of what once had been a man, but so emaciated by hunger and disease, that he looked more like a beast than a human being. His hair, grizzled more by care than by age, floated wildly around his features; but the fire of his dark eye was unquenched.

Hearing footsteps approach, he turned round, and seeing the monk, clasped his hands and shrieked as in agony.

"Holy father, I thought thou wouldst never have come; behold a vile sinner suffering the torments of the damned—Oh for the love of God, pray for me—I cannot, the words would blast thine ear."

"Compose thyself, my son, confess to me, and I will pray thy Redeemer to have mercy on thy soul."

The monk then requested the peasant to leave the room, and seating himself by the dying man, requested him to proceed.

"Holy father," began the man, "before my eyes are closed forever, I will cheerfully unburden my loaded conscience to thee, and pour into thy ear a tale of horror and of crime. I am a Venetian by birth, and my name is—is—oh how can I speak a name, never before stained by crime, it is Bertucio!"

"In the fiend's name, tell me," said the monk starting wildly, "are you Marco Bertucio?"

"Even so," groaned the dying man, "and has my polluted tale reached even to Palestine—oh, 'tis too much to bear."

If an attentive observer had been there, he would have been surprised to have seen the death-like hue, that overspread the features of the monk, as he sunk on his knees beside Bertucio. In a few minutes, however, he was calm enough to bid the man proceed, who soon spoke as follows:

"It was a beautiful evening, many years ago, that I, prowling about the ruins of the Pallazzo di Loria, being a spy of the Doge Valmarino, chanced to see one, who, thinking I was his friend, requested me to join a conspiracy against the hated ruler of Venice. This man was Francesco di Loria, who in the simplicity of his heart, even informed me where his little band held their